

The Outlook

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France Rejects Caillaux as Financial Dictator

WAR-TIME enemies of Joseph Caillaux have reached out to push him down from power again in France. In a test vote of confidence in the Briand Cabinet, with Caillaux as Vice-Premier and Finance Minister, the Chamber of Deputies gave a hostile majority of 288 against 243. The question concerned the full fiscal power demanded by Caillaux as a condition of assuming responsibility for his program of reconstruction to check the decline in value of the franc. So the decision was rather against him than against Briand.

Caillaux always has been a partisan of the idea of closer political and economic relations between France and Germany. During the war he was tried and exiled on charges of treasonable peace negotiations with agents of the enemy. In the debate on his latest plan for the salvation of France, André Tardieu, a former henchman of the old war Premier Clemenceau, rose and quoted passages from Caillaux's earlier writings to show that they coincided with his present proposals at many points—even in phrasing. It was a skillful piece of parliamentary prize-fighting which provoked a furious outburst from the Nationalists and contributed greatly to the downfall of the Ministry.

Edouard Herriot, who followed Poincaré as Premier, descended from his place as Speaker of the Chamber to lead the fight against the Cabinet. He is the recognized head of the Radical and Radical Socialist Party. But it was the aid of the Nationalists which lent him force enough to be effective. When President Doumergue summoned him to form a new Cabinet, the Nationalists showed how much they care for the policies he represents by refusing his invitation to take part in it. At the same time the Socialists, who also had voted against the Government, told him they only would join in a Ministry pledged to a levy on capital as a means of meeting the pressing obligations of the nation. This is a principle inexorably opposed by the conservative Nationalists.

Herriot, perforce, recruited his Cabinet largely from among the Radicals and Radical Socialists. He gave the post of Finance Minister to Senator Anatole de Monzie, evidently in an attempt to enlist the support of the Socialists, since M. de Monzie in recent speeches has espoused the idea of a levy on capital. The new Cabinet contains few strong leaders and is considered unlikely to master the problems and meet the needs of the country.

The crisis leaves French action entirely uncertain both in the matter of financial reforms and of the final settlement of war debts. Most of the new Ministers oppose the terms of the debt agreements with the United States and Great Britain, and particularly the American agreement. All that we know at the moment is that the Government which signed the agreements has been ousted from office and that we must wait to see what the attitude of its successors may be.

The Moros and the Filipinos

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has sent a special personal representative, Mr. Carmi Thompson, to the Philippines to report on the question whether the islands should soon be made independent. One of the first persons to visit Mr. Thompson was Senator Hadjib Butu, representing Sulu and Mindanao. His constituents, the Moros, earnestly plead that, in the event that the Philippines are given independence, the southern provinces be dismembered and kept under the American flag.

Congress should remember this when the Bacon Bill comes up again at the next session. It proposed to release the Moros from the rule of the Manila Government and to place them under the direct control of the United States.

The reason for this proposal is seen when it is remembered that the Moros are Mohammedans and that they differ in customs as well as in religion from the peoples of the other parts of the archipelago. Now the Philippine Legislature at Manila is much more concerned with playing politics than it is in providing good government for its more distant subjects. The result is not only that the

Moros are dissatisfied, but that there is constant friction and often outbreaks of fighting between them and the minority races in their vicinity.

Americans who have not made themselves well acquainted with the Philippine problem are apt to think of the islands as a collection of small bits of territory. In point of fact, the area of the islands taken together is about as large as New York, New England, and New Jersey, and the distance from Manila to the principal towns in the Moro provinces is over 700 miles. The Moros alone number nearly half a million. The Moros were from the beginning of the American control until 1913 directly governed from Washington. They now desire to resume that condition, and they advance as the reason the impossibility of maintaining peace and prosperity under the present rule because of the quarrels and friction that break out every little while.

It is true that this division of authority does not give promise of the immediate arrival of the time when, as the Jones Act anticipated, such a stable government shall be established as would justify our withdrawing from the Philippine Islands and recognizing their independence. Nevertheless, in the long run, the proposed division would probably mean a steady and continuous advance which would be more promising than the present political machine control from Manila.

World Trade—and Ours

WORLD trade has recovered, at least in so far as volume is concerned, from the effects of the World War. The aggregate trade of the fifty-five countries whose business is large enough to consider was, for the fiscal year 1926, \$58,500,000,000, somewhat larger than the total for 1913.

Whether the United States is faring well or otherwise in the readjustment is, if not open to question, subject to more thorough analysis than is possible thus early. Our foreign trade was larger for 1926 than for any previous fiscal year since the war, but the increase consisted wholly in goods which we bought from other nations. Our sales of goods to

other nations decreased to the extent of \$111,064,960. This, with the increase of \$642,559,118 in our imports, reduced our favorable trade balance from \$1,040,452,789 for 1925 to \$286,828,711 for 1926.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover attributes half of the increase in the cost of our imports to the higher price of rubber. He does not account for the other half. He thinks that the decrease in the value of our exports is due mainly to the low price of cotton and to a short crop of bread grains.

If changes should continue in the same direction for another year, the American balance in the world-trade account would be written in red ink. That probably will not occur. The present figures serve to remind us, however, that the United States still depends for its favorable trade balance very largely upon farm products, principally cotton and wheat. They would remind us, too, if we were in need of a reminder, that our dependent position with regard to rubber is far from desirable.

Science and the Weather's Secrets

ANOTHER decisive step toward the goal of long-range weather forecasting has just been made by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institution, who claims to have proved definitely that the intensity of heat given off by the sun outside the atmosphere—the so-called “solar constant”—varies from day to day and from year to year. Dr. Abbot's much-discussed method of weather prediction depends entirely on his original postulate that the sun is really what astronomers call a “variable star”—that is, a star whose radiation varies or pulsates from time to time instead of remaining steady. For some years, however, officials of the United States Weather Bureau have refused to accept Dr. Abbot's methods, asserting strongly that the evidence shows that the amount of radiation from the sun is almost absolutely constant, and that the fluctuations which Dr. Abbot appears to detect are unmistakably correlated with fluctuations in the transparency of the atmosphere, also with its water-vapor content and seasonal characteristics. The Bureau grants, however, that if the solar constant did actually fluctuate our weather would be influenced by it.

The essence of Dr. Abbot's new proof of fluctuation of the solar constant lies



Wide World

Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells, who did something which very few people wish to do in less time than it was ever done before

in a comparison of measurements of solar radiation made at times when the atmosphere is practically identically the same, says a bulletin from the Smithsonian Institution, of which Dr. Abbot is Acting Secretary. It is obvious, continues the bulletin, that if the atmosphere is the same and the instruments are correct, any changes *must* mean differences in the amount of heat given off by the sun.

The Weather Bureau Is Skeptical

LONG-RANGE weather forecasting methods have filled the newspapers to utter confusion and with occasional inaccuracy. It is quite easy, for example, to confuse Dr. Abbot's method with that of Herbert Janvrin Browne, who predicted “The Year Without a Summer” for 1926-7. But Browne predicts years ahead, Abbot only a week, while the Weather Bureau ventures on but three days. Brown believes that changes in solar heat are reflected in slow changes in ocean temperatures, these affecting our land weather after a lag of several years, due to the slowness with which water accumulates and disperses heat. The Weather Bureau does not accept either method, but within recent months it has

taken increased notice of the Abbot method, publishing its claims in the “Monthly Weather Review,” without sanctioning them. At present no one is in a position to judge the exactness of the three methods, including the Weather Bureau method, based on telegraphic reports of advancing continental weather conditions. Some feel that the Weather Bureau is unduly cautious and conservative; that Browne's method is somewhat over-ambitious; but that something tangible is likely to result in time from the Abbot method.

If some scientific method can be discovered for supplying us with a much better knowledge than we have of the as yet inexact, complicated, but admittedly youthful science of meteorology, so that we can safely predict next week's and next month's and next year's weather, then the definite, tangible money saved to the human race would amount literally to tens of billions of dollars every year. For example, the world's larder could be kept balanced; think what that would mean.

Predictions are notoriously easy to make, yet many scientists feel that by intensely continuing the remarkable researches on the effect of variations in the sun's radiation which are being con-

ducted by the Smithsonian Institution we are likely to break a way through our present comparative helplessness, learn to foretell the weather more than three days in advance, and thus fit our activities to nature's activities much more closely than we can to-day.

Around the World in Twenty-four Hours

EDWARD S. EVANS and Linton Wells have completed their trip around the world. They did it in twenty-eight days odd hours and minutes.

Evans and Wells are, of course, to be congratulated on having girdled the globe in less time than anybody else ever did, but there is nothing astonishing about the performance. Everybody knew, or—as advocates in personal injury suits love to say—by the exercise of due diligence could have known, that these men would make the circuit more quickly than Nellie Bly made it. It was not too much to expect that they would make it more quickly than John Henry Mears did in 1913. They had airplanes, and Mears did not. They did make it in less time—six days less—than Mears required. That proves—what everybody already knew—that the airplane, within certain limitations, is swifter than a railroad train.

The fact is that globe-girdling by the old method is out of date—as much out of date as corsets, as world fairs, as poor men in the United States Senate. All three of those things are still seen—or evidences of them noted—but the world has ceased to be interested in them. It has just as completely ceased to be interested in globe-girdling. It will not be in the least excited over the man, certain to appear, who can chop five or six days off the twenty-eight-day record.

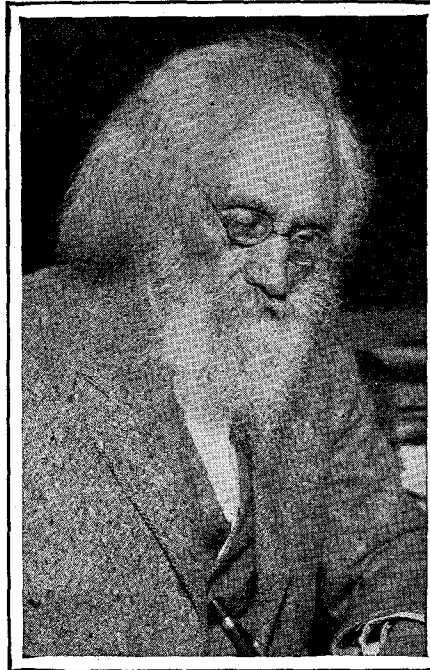
But if there is a man who can go about the thing in a new way and accomplish the obvious ultimate ambition of circling the globe in twenty-four hours, approximately, that man will have the interested attention of the world. The way to do it is simple. All that is necessary is to develop a machine that, with a man in it, can get up above the earth's atmosphere and stand stationary in space until the world whirls around beneath him, then drop back to earth at the spot from which he started.

We have no disposition to insist that all of this be accomplished at once, or even that it be accomplished at all, but we think it not at all unreasonable to

insist that, if men must go globe-girdling, they give us something new.

A Living Link with the Past

EZRA MEEKER, pioneer, followed the old Oregon Trail seventy-four years ago in a trek with his young bride from Ohio to Washington Territory. Two years ago he flew east in an airplane from the State of Washington to Ohio. To-day, in his ninety-sixth year, he is on his way to traverse once more the Oregon Trail, this time in a motor camping outfit and with the purpose of selling memorial coins for a fund to mark the



(C) Keystone

Ezra Meeker

Trail with suitable monuments and tablets.

Over this route, two thousand miles long, in whole or part, passed in the old days Indians and trappers, Lewis and Clark, Bonneville, Sublette (who led the first wagon train over it), Marcus Whitman, and others who stand for American enterprise and dauntlessness.

A wonderful old man! Gentle but indomitable, Ezra Meeker is a living memory of the old days of courage, persistence, and endeavor. Covered wagon, airplane, motor car—the old and the new—through them, as has been truly said, he has lived and is living his own epic.

Newspaper Values

IN these joyous days when American journalism is devoting its energies mainly to competing with jazz and the movies it is interesting to note that two newspapers, whose owners refused to be swept away from the legitimate, have

brought prices in the market that can be conservatively called colossal.

Some months ago, in the settlement of the late Victor F. Lawson's large estate, the Chicago "Daily News" was sold for \$13,671,704.30, and the other day the Kansas City "Star" property, which included a morning edition, the "Times," was taken over after strong bidding by men in its management at \$11,000,000.

Both Mr. Lawson and William R. Nelson, the maker of the "Star," were old-fashioned in their notions and sold news instead of monkey-shines. The use to be made of the money from these several sales varies. Mr. Lawson's fortune went in the main to the Congregational Church; Mr. Nelson's will cultivate the arts and graces of Kansas City. A large crop of painters and prima donnas is expected where once the Texas longhorn shed his blood.

The Radio War

THE traffic policeman of the ether lanes is off duty, and more than six hundred broadcasting stations are free to use any wave-length they desire, or to increase their power outputs, giving greater strength to their Hertzian waves. The failure of Congress to enact new radio laws, followed by a ruling handed down by the Department of Justice that the Department of Commerce has no authority to make restrictions as to wave-lengths, power, and time, has given broadcasting stations an opportunity to "ride" through the ether lanes as they see fit, disregarding all established traffic rules.

Up to the present time six broadcasters in the metropolitan area have altered their waves without the sanction of Arthur Batcheller, Supervisor of Radio in New York.

"If we had authority to act, we would not allow these wave-length changes or increases in power," said Mr. Batcheller. "The ether is saturated, and the changes are likely to cause serious interference. However, we can do nothing to stop the stations from jumping wave-lengths until legislation is passed."

The majority of stations which have changed waves were formerly operating on channels below 300 meters in the wave band which has been most congested. Many of the stations had applied to Secretary Hoover for permission to climb to higher waves, but because of the saturation point no action was taken on the applications. The Attor-

ney-General's ruling left the ether "free for all," and the stations in the lower wave band jumped to higher waves, so that to-day in New York there is very little pleasure in listening-in below the 450-meter wave. Howls caused by the interaction of waves and by broad and interfering carrier waves have driven listeners from the lower wave bands to the realm of WNYC, WAAF, and WJZ, the dominating trio above 450 meters. The average receiver finds it difficult to eliminate interference below that wave-length.

What Happened and May Happen

THE ruling of the Department of Justice makes it mandatory for Secretary Hoover to grant licenses outside of the 600 to 1,600 meter wave band, which is set aside for Government use. Since the ruling several new stations were licensed, but these transmitters had been built and were ready for action.

It was felt that all broadcasters on the air would be true to the colors and stay on their assigned wave in order to avert chaos in the ether. But some have deemed it advisable to shift while opportunity knocked at the door. One New York impresario explained the action of his station in changing to a higher wave, on the grounds that one of the advertisers sponsoring a program over the station threatened to withdraw from broadcasting unless the station seized another wave free of the low wave band congestion.

The silver lining to the situation lies in the fact that there are not likely to be many new stations erected between now and the time Congress meets in December, when radio legislation is practically assured. Under present conditions it is doubtful if many would venture to invest from \$25,000 to \$250,000 in a broadcasting station which would not operate without interference and also stir up ill will among the listening public. According to reports from the Department of Commerce, there are no more than ten stations unlicensed but ready to go on the air. Most of the 650 applications for licenses on file at the Department of Commerce are for stations not yet erected, but simply serve as notices of intention to broadcast if a license could be secured.

The question is being asked in the radio industry why Secretary Hoover so suddenly called for the Attorney-Gen-

eral's opinion. By quickly reversing his policy at a critical time a stabilizing influence was removed from radio, jeopardizing the industry and the service to 20,000,000 listeners.

Reports from Washington indicate that Mr. Hoover's action was prompted by a desire to show Congress how

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



An unsafe "Fourth"

THE cartoon which we reproduce herewith seems to us of an epoch-making character. We have searched our memory carefully, and we believe that this drawing of Nelson Harding's deserves that much-abused adjective, unique.

Can any of our readers recall seeing any other cartoon in which flying projectiles were drawn without showing their cartridge cases firmly attached to their stems? Most cartoonists appear to use 22-caliber ammunition as models of all projectiles up to at least sixteen inches in diameter. With like unanimity, they always include the shell with the bullet. Didn't any of them serve in the late war?

necessary it was to have new laws to replace the inadequate laws of 1912.

Representative Scott, of the House Committee on Merchant Marine, has announced that the radio bill will be informally considered by the Senate and House conferees during the recess of Congress, and that there will be a meeting about the middle of November to develop a compromise measure to be submitted to Congress as soon as it meets in December.

Two radio control bills have been presented to Congress. The White Bill,

which places the control of radio in the hands of the Department of Commerce and provides the right to appeal to a regional advisory commission operating on a part-time basis, has passed the House.

The Dill Bill, approved by the Senate, would take the control of radio away from Secretary Hoover and give it to an independent commission of five members, appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate.

Secretary Hoover has expressed the opinion that National radio conferences are at an end until Congress passes legislation.

In the meantime if stations continue to "pirate" wave-lengths broadcasting will stir the ether as in the days of 1911, when amateurs selected any wave they desired, but such a condition will be bad for the radio industry because a great deal more is involved.

A Court Disagrees with the Attorney-General

AT least one Federal Court does not wholly agree with the opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States that the Secretary of Commerce has no power to regulate radio broadcasting. Judge Albert L. Reeves, of the United States District Court for the Western District of Missouri, has declared, in granting an injunction to the Reorganized Church of Latter-Day Saints of St. Joseph against the Missouri Marketing Bureau of Jefferson City, that a radio station which has accepted a license from the Federal Government is bound to observe the terms of the license as to wave-length and hours of broadcasting. He bases this decision on the ground that the station, when it accepted the license, entered into a contract with other stations, and that to change wave-length or hours is to violate terms of agreement. The Secretary of Commerce may be without other powers, the Court held, but "he will undoubtedly have the right to grant his license with such restrictions as the parties interested may agree upon."

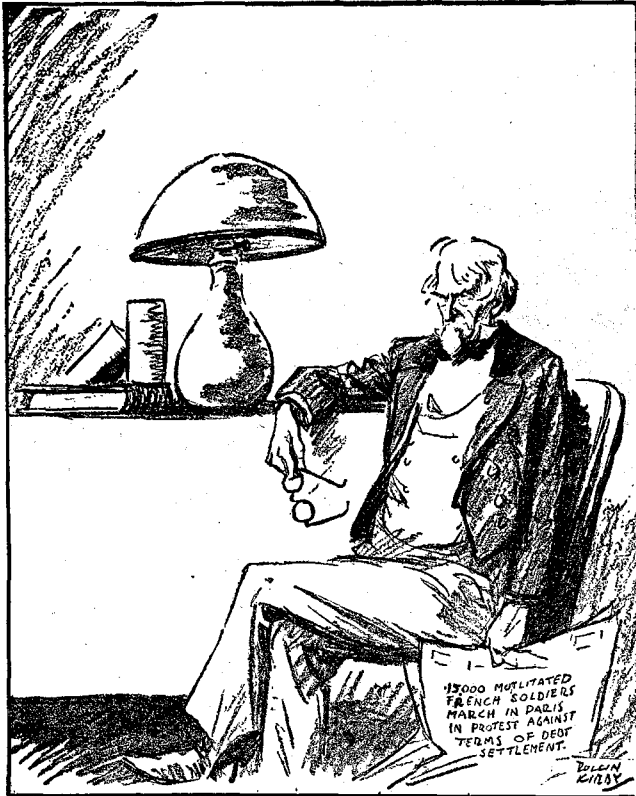
The Missouri Marketing Bureau station did substantially what several New York stations have done by using wave-lengths not authorized.

The effect of Judge Reeves's decision on the general situation remains to be seen. His is the decree of a court, while Attorney-General Sargent's is merely the opinion of an official, even if it is that

Concerning us and France

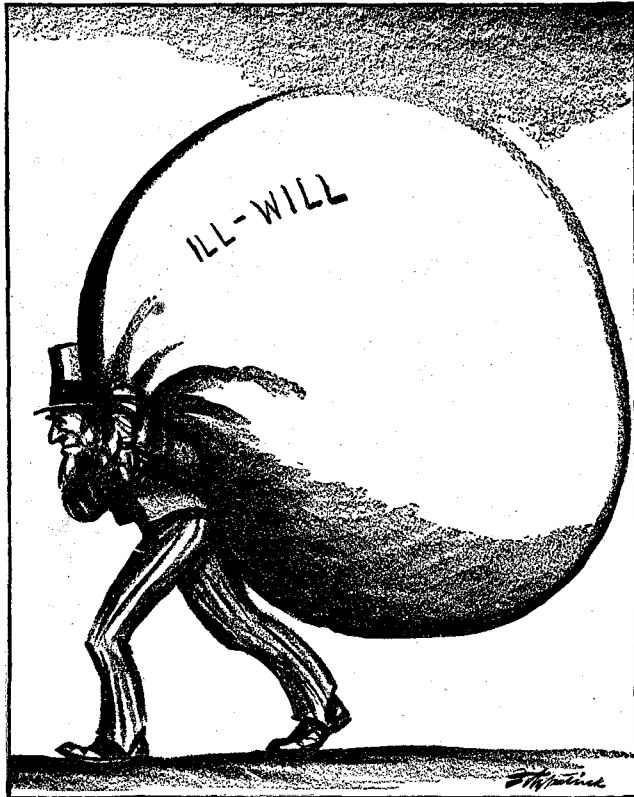
(Henry V, Act I, Scene 2)

Kirby in the New York Sunday World



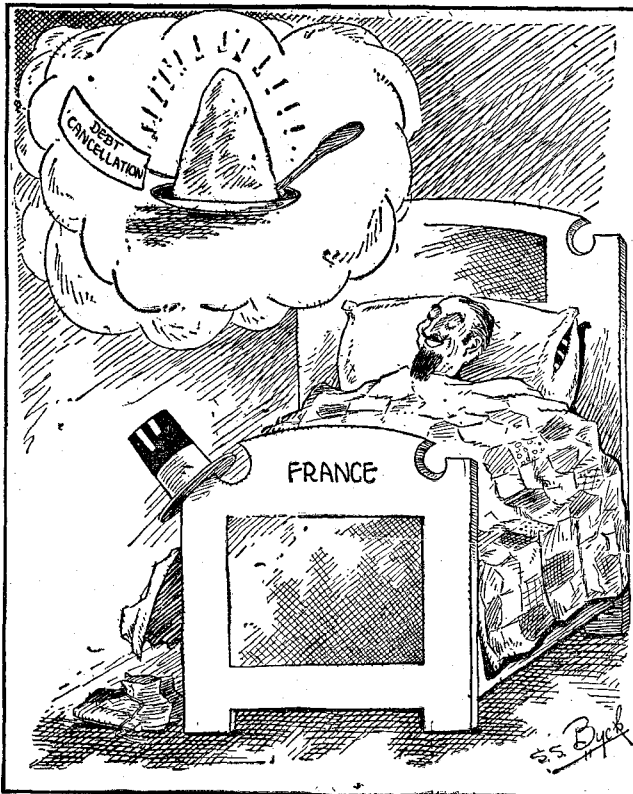
Is it worth it?

Fitzpatrick in the New York Morning World



Our collections from France

Byck in the New York Commercial



"A midsummer night's dream"

Sykes in the New York Evening Post



Wasting needed energy

of the highest law officer of the Government.

John Drew Retires

HAVING passed threescore and thirteen, John Drew announces his permanent retirement from the stage. He has so long been our first walking gentleman as to preclude the notion that he could be considered old. His career was one of inheritance. His mother, Mrs. John Drew, was the best Mrs. Malaprop ever known, and his sister, Georgia Drew Barrymore, is held in loving memory, while her children continue to give distinction to the boards.

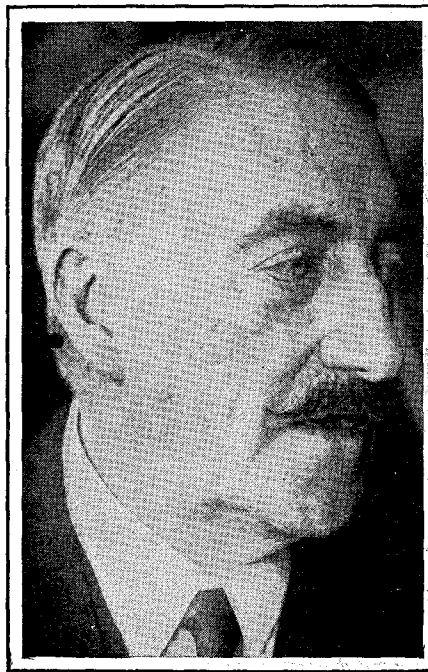
Mr. Drew himself, though never a great actor, was always a good one, and dated his honorable career from a place in the glorious company maintained by Augustin Daly, of which he himself, Otis Skinner, Kitty Cheatham, and Maxine Elliott still survive. That no manager has arisen who could give New York and the Nation what Mr. Daly did in the matter of theatrical production is a lamentable loss to culture and entertainment. His well-drilled actors made Daly's Theater an institution. "Little" theaters alone ape what he succeeded in doing. The "great" managers are out to serve the ticket speculators and a visiting public, and our only "institution" appears to be "Abie's Irish Rose."

Revise the Criminal Codes

IT is gratifying to find that practical measures are being taken to make things harder for the professional criminal and safer for life and property. We have already noted the excellent law passed in New York State. Now comes a report from a Committee of the National Crime Commission which outlines twenty changes in criminal codes, recommended for adoption everywhere.

In addition to improvements included in the Baumes Law of New York State it is recommended in the report of ex-Governor Hadley, speaking for the National Crime Commission, that in all felony cases except murder or crimes for which life imprisonment is the penalty a verdict of guilty should be accepted if five-sixths of the jury (that is, ten out of twelve) should vote for conviction. Another proposal, novel but one that would certainly be of great practical value, is that where insanity is to be the plea the court must be notified in advance of the trial so that an impartial commission should be appointed by the trial judge to take up questions as to whether the ac-

cused was insane at the time of the alleged crime or is insane at the time of the trial. Still a third recommendation is that in criminal cases an error in trial should not result in retrial unless it is of importance enough to have brought



(C) Keystone

John Drew

about a miscarriage of justice. This principle is in effect now in civil cases, and the report of the National Crime Commission asserts that its exclusion as regards criminal cases exists only in this country, and, in the opinion of thoughtful lawyers, this exclusion is "the most disastrous doctrine that has developed in the criminal jurisprudence of America."

These are only the most outstanding suggestions made by this Committee. It seems to be everywhere agreed that the criminal codes of the States to-day have extended a perfectly proper principle of English law which aimed to make it impossible that any innocent person should be convicted so that it now stands as a barrier to prevent justice being done against crime and criminals.

British Law and American Prohibition

THE impressive array of British officials who have been in conference with General Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, since his arrival in London would appear to indicate that something is to be accomplished toward controlling rum smuggling at the source. Participating in the first general conference were representatives of the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the Customs Department, and the Colonial Department.

Later, each of these officials went into the details of his particular phase of the problem with General Andrews and his associates.

The nature of what is to be undertaken has been at least outlined. It appears that General Andrews went to London at the invitation of the British Government, and that the subject under discussion, generally speaking, is enforcement of existing British law in such way as to curb as much as possible the shipment of intoxicants to the United States. Among the definite proposals are that vessels engaged in liquor smuggling be removed from British registry if it can be shown that they are owned or controlled by Americans; that regulations with regard to false declarations of destination be more rigidly enforced; that United States revenue cutters be permitted to enter British territorial waters, where necessary, without strict compliance with Admiralty regulations; and that provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act be applied wherever possible to make smuggling difficult. There appears to be no thought of making new laws or of changing Anglo-American treaties. The effort will be to make rum-running unprofitable.

No outspoken opposition has appeared, though press reports indicate that the British distilling and possibly other interests are expected to make objections. These are expected to take the form of representations that British prestige on the seas should not be menaced by any agreements with other nations. Jealousy for British maritime prestige, apparently, is to be used somewhat as devotion to "personal liberty" has been used in the United States.

What Is Whisky?

UNDER the above title a cold-blooded chemist, employed by the Connecticut Agricultural Station at New Haven, disposes of the wet plea that bootleg stimulants are "poison" and remarks unsympathetically that, so far as he can find out by analysis, the "stuff" is just as good as the article furnished by distillers in the good old times previous to Volstead, observing further that "factitious whiskies, made largely or in part from mixtures of grain alcohol, caramel, beading oil, and artificial flavor, were widely sold as, and for, whisky long before prohibition became operative."

This will jar those who have been tearfully pleading for the "health" of drinkers, presumably imperiled by poisonous liquors surreptitiously sold. Alco-



International

Presidential Largesse

There is no need to worry about the age and eating qualities of this pike, given by the President to Governor Smith. The Governor has publicly announced that the pike is to be stuffed and preserved as a monument to the distinguished angler who inveigled it to his hook.

hol remains "the most poisonous constituent" of alcoholic liquors.

The research shows that most of the alcohol used is denatured, from which the poison has been abstracted. It appears in all instances cited that this has been carefully done. Only harmless traces of "denaturing" have been discovered and no wood alcohol. The average alcohol content found in pre-Volstead days was 42.19 per cent. It is now 42.40, showing that the ancient formula for making whisky is pretty closely followed. Of 123 samples examined in 1915, only thirteen were colored naturally from the charred interior of the barrel. The rest had a chemical complexion. The present ratio is about the same. Of 78 samples tested only six "appeared to be of genuine character."

Coolidge and Smith

THE fraternizing of President Calvin Coolidge and Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, at the former's summer camp in the Adirondacks might be called the harmony of souls. Both men are much alike in simplicity of life and directness of manner. Nor are they so far apart politically as differing party membership would imply. Mr. Coolidge is a good deal of a Jeffersonian; Governor Smith, a solid believer in the people. That one is silent and the other vivacious

only makes their getting together the more normal. Two persons cannot talk comfortably to each other at the same time.

What political partisans and religious bigots may think of Democrat and Republican, Puritan and Catholic, coming together is not a matter of much importance. Their amiable association is a rebuke to political and religious intolerance. Both blind partisanship and pious detestation of others' creeds seem happily on the wane in America.

A Matter of Epic Importance

MORE important than the abolition of political partisanship or religious bigotry is the statement contained in a newspaper despatch from the President's camp that the President served the Governor with speckled trout that swam "only twenty-four hours before in the swirling, icy waters of the highland brooks." We sincerely trust that this statement does not report a fact, but that it is merely a newspaper story prepared by a reporter who was brought up on the cold-storage food of the metropolis.

Only twenty-four hours before, forsooth! Who would call a trout that had been dead a day a truly fresh fish? There is but one way to serve trout: Catch them and then transfer them as fast as your legs and the pursuing black

flies will permit you from the stream to a frying-pan. The pan should have enough bacon fat to half cover such fish as you may secure. The fat should be heated to the boiling point over a hardwood fire before the trout are put in. In such a pan the trout will curl up in appetizing crispness. They will be thoroughly cooked without being greasy. Eaten with the fingers they will provide a dish fit for a President to serve to any governor.

We do hope that the trout that the President gave the Governor were not twenty-four hours old. Of course, Governor Smith (who graduated, as a young man, from the Fulton Fish Market, and thus should know what's what in the fish world), no matter what his opinion of the freshness of such trout, would probably not comment upon their age openly. But out of such a misunderstanding of the niceties of the situation there might spring a political revolt which would shake the Nation to its foundation. Let's hope the reporter was wrong.

Safety First, Explosives Second

AS the inquiry into the disaster at the Lake Denmark explosion proceeds it is becoming certain that it will not suffice to find the exact causes or even to discover what was wrong. A larger question has arisen: What is wrong and remediable about the care and storage of explosives in dangerous quantities in arsenals and ammunition depots wherever they exist, and what, if any, additional precautions are needed?

Senator Edwards, of New Jersey, may have been extreme in his announced intention to ask for Federal legislation to forbid ammunition plants within fifty miles of any community of five hundred or more people, but the memory of the Black Tom disaster, the Morgan explosions, in which fifty were killed, the Nixon ammonite explosion, in which twenty were killed, the Pompton Lakes disaster, in which twelve were killed, and many other casualties from explosives, have made the people of New Jersey alive to the need of constant and efficient protection.

It is said that five hundred million pounds of explosives a year are transported in this country and Canada, and that the casualties are proportionately very small; that military and naval

policy requires the permanent storage of large quantities of explosives; that it is impossible to keep the families of workers from living near the storage depots; and that exceeding care is used to protect from lightning as well as against other sources of danger. It is the duty of the court of inquiry to find what has not been done that might be done. The magazine that first exploded was of brick, witnesses said, and had in it 4,500 depth bombs and many other bombs and a million pounds of smokeless powder. Is that the safest form of storage? What was there combustible (other than explosives) about and between the buildings? Were they far enough apart? Were explosives above ground that would have been safer in underground magazines? The non-expert citizen knows nothing as to these matters, but he does know that the Government should search to bed-rock and report what is requisite for human safety wherever large quantities of deadly explosives are kept.

Congress must face firmly the question of danger to human life in the existing huge storehousing of explosives. If it is necessary to create an artificial wilderness to protect villages and towns, that must be done. If present precautions can be improved and perfected and thereby safety be assured, better still. But human life in some sure way must be more surely safeguarded than the record of the last ten years indicates that it has been.

Dictator by Request

KING ALBERT of Belgium, who led his soldiers through the darkest days of the war when German armies held all but a few square miles of their native land, has become the first royal dictator in Europe to-day. The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has conferred upon him practically unlimited powers in the hope of solving the country's financial difficulties and stopping the depreciation of the currency. But in stepping into the row of Europe's "one-man rulers" King Albert presents a contrast to Mussolini in Italy, Primo di Rivera in Spain, Pangalos in Greece, and Pilsudski in Poland. Monarch and master of his people, he is at the same time dictator by democratic request.

The measure prepared by the Government of Premier Jaspars grants an "extension of power" for six months. Under its terms the King may modify



International

King Albert

or supplement all regulations on currency circulation, contract loans, take steps to reduce currency inflation and also to prevent the troubles which deflation might cause, approve any necessary reforms in the statutes of the national bank, attempt to secure the return of Belgian capital invested or deposited abroad, increase tax and tariff rates, and authorize other measures to regulate and stimulate industry and commerce and maintain supplies of necessities. Leading bankers have pledged their support to the Government under the new régime. A plan has been made to create a national telegraph and telephone company to take over these services in the same

way that a private management has been designed for the state railways. Freight rates have been increased and exports of fuel and foodstuffs restricted.

The Belgian move increases the area of dictatorship in Europe, and undoubtedly is a new blow to confidence in parliamentary government. Yet its effect is likely to prove constructive, because it is not a violent assertion of the will of an organized minority, but the quiet expression of national will and determination in a crisis.

Prohibition and Nullification

AT last something definite has been said as to what should be done by the country at large with regard to the uncertainty and the unrest growing out of prohibition enforcement or non-enforcement. Two somethings, indeed, have been said, one by Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, before a Protestant ministers' meeting in Augusta, Georgia, and the other by Mayor William E. Dever, of Chicago, before the American Bar Association, in session in Denver. It does not matter that one may disagree with both men; the point is that they have said something, which is in refreshing contrast to the great quantity of nothing said by the late Special Committee of the United States Senate and constantly by professional wets and professional dries.

Borah and Dever may be regarded as antagonistic to each other, the one a dry, the other at least a modified wet. The things they propose are, if not opposed, certainly not parallel. Borah demands that the Federal Government go more seriously than it has yet gone about the business of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment; that it be made a major concern of the Government; that, if neither existing party will take such a positive stand, the people form a new party which will. He brands the proposed referendums as so many efforts at nullification—asserts the right of repealing the Amendment, but denies the right of vitiating it by State interpretation of what constitutes an intoxicant.

Dever demands that we find out what the effects of prohibition have been and are, and then act accordingly. He asserts that the Eighteenth Amendment has accomplished both a great deal of good and a great deal of harm, but declares—a fact which no sane man can doubt—that we do not know the meas-

ure either of the good or the harm. He would have a scientific commission, authorized by Congress, ascertain the facts. Then he would have constructive legislation which would result in the retention of the good and the elimination of the evil. He does not undertake to say what that legislation should be. His insistence is merely that the facts be found out and intelligently acted upon.

The Borah proposal and the Dever proposal agree in this, if in nothing else—that they would have things accomplished by sane, orderly, established methods. That is something new, old as it is, in the discussion of prohibition modification.

We do not agree with Senator Borah's belief that a new party may be necessary to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. We do agree with his belief that the Federal Government has not yet done all that it could do toward enforcement, and absolutely with his contention that pending referendums, particularly the New York one, aim at nullification.

The Senator has been severely criticised by newspapers, particularly by New York newspapers, on this point. These newspapers evidently believe that nullification, to be nullification at all, must conform in every particular to the South Carolina effort of a century ago. They overlook the fact that to modify a Federal enforcement law by State interpretation in such a way that it does not give effect to a Constitutional provision is as much nullification of that provision of the Constitution as if a State should formally declare it null. Indeed, it is nullification both more complete and more effective.

The prohibition nullificationists do not, it is true, follow the South Carolina doctrine—which, after all, was a somewhat orderly doctrine. They follow, rather—though no doubt unconsciously—Thoreau's doctrine of the "duty of civil disobedience," which, after all, is the doctrine of the right of the individual to ignore and go contrary to the expressed will of his government.

Senator Borah is entirely sound in his contention that if prohibition is to be got rid of the method is by orderly repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the Volstead Law is to be modified, it is to be modified in some definite and determinate way, not by any such vague and nullification-shielding clause as that the law "shall not prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, and exportation of beverages which are

not in fact intoxicating as determined in accordance with the laws of the respective States."

Such a modification—which is the proposal contained in the New York referendum—would give to every State the power to nullify, not alone the Eighteenth Amendment, but the body of the original Constitution itself in that clause of it which gives to the Federal Government the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations.

And here comes in the reasonableness of Mayor Dever's proposal. We cannot intelligently modify the Eighteenth Amendment, or even the Volstead Law, until we know what their effect has been. That we do not now know must be ap-

parent to every man who has discussed with other men the question of whether drunkenness has diminished or increased under prohibition, whether bootleg liquor is more impure than that which formerly was sold in the saloons, whether labor and industry have benefited or suffered as a result of prohibition, or any of the numerous questions growing out of the prohibition enforcement situation. Every man thinks he knows, but no man has any real proof to offer.

Mayor Dever's idea of a scientific commission may or may not contemplate the right method for finding out the facts, but we clearly are not in position to tamper with the Amendment or the law until we know the facts.

Some Random Notes

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

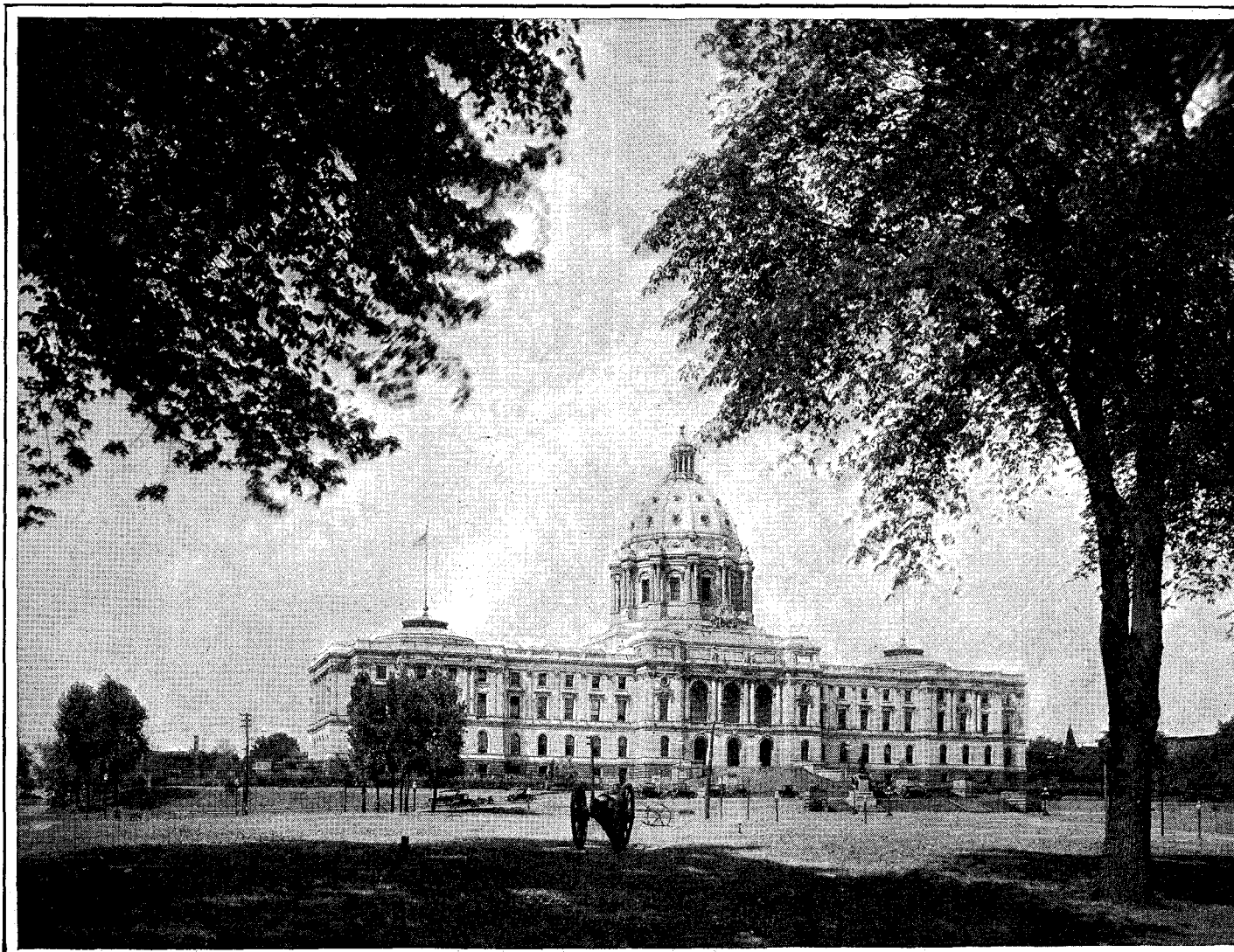
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THIS is being written on board a train of the Great Northern Railway bound for the Pacific coast. The circumstances are not conducive to studious writing, but long-distance traveling always suggests comments of various kinds to the interested passenger, and perhaps my readers will accept these random observations this week in lieu of a more carefully planned article.

I have just spent two hours of the early morning in driving about St. Paul with my wife in the automobile of a gracious and hospitable friend. Every American who knows anything about the Northwest is aware of the peculiar and delicate relationship existing between Minneapolis and St. Paul. Although they are on opposite sides of the Mississippi, they are bound together not only by bridges but by a continuous band of charming homes. They are known in local parlance as the "Twin Cities." They are so closely united physically and geographically that they might be called Siamese twins. Physiologists and psychologists tell us that twinship has the mysterious quality of producing either irritable antipathy or deep attachment between the two individuals which it unites. I hope, therefore, I am not treading on the toes of any Minneapolitan who may happen to see these lines when I say that St. Paul seems to me to be one of the most delightful cities in the United States. It has a lovely situation on high bluffs above the tranquil Mississippi, whose blue waters seem

as unrelated to the muddy stream that flows by New Orleans, a thousand or two miles below, as if they were a part of another continent. The view from Summit Avenue, across the Father of Waters to the rolling hills and precipitous banks beyond, reminds me of certain stretches of the Hudson. There must be something about St. Paul's surroundings which develops a feeling for artistic beauty. I knew that Cass Gilbert, known throughout the world as the creator of the Woolworth Building in New York City, came from St. Paul, and that one of his earliest architectural works is the Minnesota State Capitol, of which St. Paul is justly proud. But I did not know, until my hostess told me this morning, that Homer Martin, one of the most prized of our landscape painters, and Paulanship, one of the most poetic of our sculptors, were also products of St. Paul. Man cannot live by art alone any more than he can live by bread alone, but a love of beauty is one of the greatest refreshments and stimulants for the more serious and practical work of life.

BEAUTY is not merely an expression of natural scenery or of pictorial and plastic art, but perhaps finds its most perfect form in the art of literature. Ruskin says somewhere in one of his essays that every man with eyesight has always at his command one of the most perfect forms of natural beauty, no matter how hideous and squalid may be his physical surroundings. He may look



(C) Buckher-Mears Co., St. Paul

The State Capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota, designed by Cass Gilbert and built throughout of imperishable materials

up from the narrowest and dirtiest street to the sky with its ever-changing colors and its varied cloud formations. So man has always at his command, if he would but take advantage of it, beauties of imagination instantly brought before him by a work of literature. In the dingiest hotel room or the dustiest sleeping-car there is always this opportunity of escape into the realms of beauty. I was struck with this fact last night in my upper berth, under the light of the electric lamp which the Pullman Company considerately placed just above my head to promote the bad but delightful habit of reading in bed, by a paragraph in the July installment of William Lyon Phelps's always entertaining "As I Like It" in "Scribner's Magazine." Speaking of Ring Lardner, Mr. Phelps says:

I look upon him as the true successor in our fiction to O. Henry; and I mean it as a compliment, for my admiration for that man of genius has not been lessened by time. If you who see this page feel that O. Henry

was not a man of genius, please re-read "The Furnished Room."

To this I say amen, but I would not award the first prize to "The Furnished Room," perfect as it is. The culmination of O. Henry's genius appears in his story of Southwestern cowboy life entitled "The Last of the Troubadours." O. Henry often wrote of mean streets and their life. But if anybody can read "The Last of the Troubadours" and not feel that Henry had an understanding of the overwhelming power of beauty such a reader must be blunted indeed. His very method of telling the story has a lilt to it. "The Last of the Troubadours" stands one of the hardest tests of literature—it can be read aloud to any group, young or old, hard-headed or imaginative, without arousing any suspicion of artificiality or mock sentiment.

ANOTHER of William Lyon Phelps's paragraphs elicited my approval. In commenting on Colonel House's memoirs he says:

The only objection I have to the two books I have just discussed is their mechanical weight; they are unpardonably heavy. It is not just to impose such a burden on wrists, knees, and traveling-bags. Five years ago I thought the campaign for light books had been won. We must begin that fight all over again.

Attaboy! Parenthetically, I use that term of enthusiastic approval with less reluctance since a despatch in a New York paper just before I left home reported that "Attaboy" had recently resounded in the English House of Commons. Prompted by this incident, I want to say something a little later about the use of slang. But let us return for a moment to the question of light-weight books—physically speaking, that is. I do not suppose that Mr. Phelps wants to recommend books that are intellectual light-weights. Just before I left the Pennsylvania Station on this trip I bought a copy of Claude Bowers's "Jefferson and Hamilton." It is so heavy in physique that I have diffi-

culty in getting it into my upper berth for midnight reading. The English do things better in this respect. They make books of five hundred pages, printed on feather-weight paper, that the reader can hold between his thumb and forefinger. I am an ignoramus in the technique of paper-making. Somebody, however, has told me that our manufacturers cannot make feather-weight paper because of some defect in the quality of American water. That is what American brewers used to say, in the pre-Volstead days, when they were told—what was the absolute truth—that the only lager beer fit to drink was brewed in Germany. Now I have enough confidence in American research chemists to believe that if our heavy-weight American books are due to the fact that our water is not as pure as that in England—which my patriotism will not allow me to admit for a moment—the trouble can be cured in the laboratory. And, by the way, while Mr. Phelps is striking a blow for book-making reform I wish he would attack the nuisance of uncut leaves. I understand perfectly well the genesis of this obnoxious custom. An English gentleman originally wanted to buy his books with untrimmed margins so that he could have them beautifully rebound in morocco or half calf. But I buy books to read. When I have to pay five dollars for a

commentary on Jefferson and Hamilton, I can't afford to have it rebound. Last night when reading this interesting volume I had to commit the unpardonable bibliophilic crime of tearing open some of the uncut pages with my finger because I could not scramble down and hunt in the dark for a pen-knife, or wake my wife in the lower berth and ask for the loan of a hairpin.

AND now for a word or two about slang which I promised when I used above the expressive exclamation "Attaboy!" The New York "Herald Tribune" recently quoted from an article in the London "Mail" by an Englishman, named John Blunt, protesting against the growing use in England of American slang. This purist, who is blunt by nature as well as by name, reports with horror that a witness in a recent lawsuit in one of the high courts of London made use of the words "up to him" and "proposition," whereupon the witness was quite properly reproved by the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Blunt's comment upon this fateful event is this:

If the Americans want to build up a language of their own, let them; but can't we be content with the language which has given us the greatest literature in the world and is as much a part of England as the very soil?

Far be it from me to advocate the indiscriminate use of slang, but it should be remembered that the English language is ever flexible and changing. When a language becomes fixed and immutable, it becomes dead. Latin is as dead as the old Romans, but the English language is alive and the English people are a living people for the very reason that they cannot understand without a glossary the English of Chaucer. Let Mr. Blunt take heart. The English language has not been and will not be ruined by the injection of slang. His complaint is nothing new. I remember some thirty years ago to have seen in "Punch" a cartoon of Du Maurier's which treated this burning question as it ought to be treated—with playful satire. It was a picture of a pretty American girl playing billiards with an equally pretty English girl in a country house. The English girl had just made a successful shot which she did not intend. This, as every American billiard player knows, we call a scratch. Under the picture was a caption which read something like this:

American girl. Oh, what a horrid scratch!

English girl. My dear, you should not use such vulgar slang.

American girl. What should I say?

English girl (after a moment's thought). You should say, Oh, what a beastly fluke!

The Southern Slavs

Correspondence by ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

JUGOSLAVIA—southern Slavia. The Italian border passed, the familiar *carabinieri*, or policemen, fade away. Instead, we see even more picturesquely attired Slovene foresters, for the stony steepes of the Carso, with their scant growth marking the frontier, suddenly give place to great pine forests. We also note much more live stock than in Italy, though apparently of inferior quality. As to buildings, we see no more flat roofs; gables, instead.

Jugoslavia is like Italy, however, in being linguistically homogeneous. One language goes everywhere. As a native tongue less than five per cent of the population speak German, and less than four per cent, each, Hungarian and Albanian.

Journeying from the Italian border to the capital, you traverse seven provinces and follow the course of the river Save

for some sixteen hours to its confluence with the Danube at the hill on which Belgrade sits.

First come Carniola and Slovenia—wooded slopes, rich valleys, prosperous villages, the snow mountains in the distance. Lubiana, the chief town, has a lovely location.

Then come Croatia and Slavonia. These upper reaches of the Save are very fine, yet the Orient Express, supposed to be the one good train, passes through this superb region in the night. It is not the only good train. The one we took, leaving Trieste in the late morning and arriving at Agram (Zagreb), the attractive Croatian capital, in the evening, though slightly slower, is comfortable enough and affords welcome opportunity for seeing the beautiful country. At Agram one lodges magnificently at the Esplanade or, in more

lowly fashion, albeit well, at the Drei Raben.

THE Croats are a lively folk. Vivacious and idealistic, they are just now boiling the political pot at a great rate for the steadier Serbs. The Croats may possibly be the more cultured of the two peoples; they are rather ex-republicans in politics; they are Roman Catholic in religion. On the other hand, the Serbs may be physically the more vital and vigorous; they are more experienced in administration; they are monarchists and "Orthodox" Catholics. These are differences enough. But Jugoslavia has not to face one more—the variety of languages found in Switzerland.

Up to the present the Serbs, the dominant race, have kept the Croats and Slovenes fairly well in check. But there are inevitable ructions now. Recently

there occurred a Cabinet crisis, precipitated by the irrepressible Stjepan Radić, the Croat leader, who emerged from imprisonment because of political offenses to step into Ministerial rank. This was doubtless brought about, with malice prepense, by the astute old Pasić, long the great political power in Serbia. The motive of his admittance of Radić into the Cabinet was probably to give the Croat leader enough rope to hang himself, meanwhile pacifying the restless second partner in the "Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes." The present Uzunović, or any other Cabinet, lasts only as long as Pasić needs breathing space.

NEARLY half the Yugoslavians are "Orthodox" Catholics, over a third Roman Catholics; and about a tenth Mussulmans. Protestants number less than two per cent, and Jews, it is said, but half of one per cent—some change from Poland! The variety of religions seems the more remarkable when one considers that, after having crossed the Carpathians to occupy their present territories, these Slav tribes had, after various acknowledgments of Byzantine or Bavarian or other supremacy, a number of centuries of independent life. Indeed, under Czar Stepan Duchan they rose to be the most powerful of the Balkan nations. Alas, that they had to fall under Turkish domination and misrule for four hundred years and more! Only at the beginning of the nineteenth century did Slav migrations cease from this cause and Yugoslavia regain her self-respect.

To go from Agram to Belgrade is to exchange the hills for a perfectly flat country. No fences, no hedges. As far as the eye can reach, the rich earth is all under cultivation, a contrast to other Yugoslav regions like Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro, where there is not enough cultivable land to supply the people's wants. Taken as a whole, the Yugoslavian population is predominantly agricultural.

As in Czechoslovakia, the women one sees at the stations wear big handkerchiefs tied tightly over their heads, their gowns and shawls being black and their aprons dark blue. None of the women is handsome and some are hardly good looking, a difference from fascinating Slav faces we saw later, just as this ugly costume contrasts with the rich provincial Sunday and holiday peasant dress. The men, on the other hand, in their loose jackets and tight trousers tucked into boots, or wearing shoes with turned-up ends, were, in general, fine looking, well set up, and muscular. They were, I was told, much richer than they ap-

peared; indeed, one informant asserted that in a certain region the peasant wealth would average no less than \$20,000 a house.

The peasants have a reputation for hospitality. Recently, on a motor trip, two American friends with their wives found themselves very far from an inn and unable to proceed. Not only did they discover good lodging at the nearest farm, but also an unsuspected richness in food and drink, all lavishly pressed upon them. The next morning they essayed to pay for what they had received. "Not a bit of it!" exclaimed the head of the house. "Do not thus affront our willing hospitality." Our compatriots eased their consciences, however, by sending back from Belgrade a sufficient number of choice cigars—a commodity certainly scarce in the country districts.

In a city once occupied by the Turks I rather expected to discover some trace of Orientalism. But the only suggestion of it during our sojourn was in a coachman's salaam or bow. Nor had I overpaid him.

"The Balkan! You will not see it this side of Agram." So said our first fellow-voyagers, Yugoslavs. But Belgrade gave little evidence of it, save in the still generally wretchedly paved streets. We do not happen to be there on market day, so do not see as much live stock as anticipated in the thoroughfares. Recently a French girl I know came here with her parents to meet the family of her Serb fiancé. The French father warned his daughter that she would find pigs running about the streets. She did. "But such darling pigs!" she exclaimed to us on her return. "What would you?" added the father. "Could love do more?"

INSTEAD of the forbidding-looking folk one sees in some Balkan pictures, we met fine folk and friendliness everywhere. No matter if we could not speak six words of Serb and were trying to explain our wants in the first language, German, the natives learn after their own, we had only smiles and amicable nods from shop-girl, bank clerk, and traffic cop. Now, of all smiles, the Italian is certainly the most bewitching. But it seems to lack the ballast, so to speak, of the Yugoslav, even if the Serb mouth, often apparently having been cut with a chisel, has not the mobile beauty of the Italian. The King is a superb example of this national type.

Yugoslavia is perhaps the richest untapped country in Europe. It increasingly exports raw materials—farm products and live stock, timber and minerals. American interest is chiefly concerned

with our export hither—of petroleum and motors; cloths and chemical products come largely from Germany. Commercial relations, however, with all countries are bound to grow in extent and variety.

Here is a land about the size of France or Italy with a third of the population of either. Wheat and corn grow amazingly in the Danube and Save lowlands. In mines there are gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, bauxite, and coal—both black and brown—mines, on an average, as rich as any in Europe. The Romans had many thousands of men at work in them; one sees their traces to-day. After that rule mine exploitation fell off, and quite disappeared after the fatal Turkish conquest. It is now coming back somewhat.

But there is not enough necessary capital for the country's proper agricultural and mineral development. The lack of capital seems the more surprising when one notes the many bank buildings in this city. The main room of one of them was as fine as anything I have seen in our own country. Still more surprising are the statements as to the large deposits. The palatial character of the bank buildings and of such hotels as the Excelsior and the Palace contrasts curiously with some small, old-fashioned edifices alongside.

THE Serb account, as I have heard it, of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's murder runs thus: With the members of the Imperial house he was not a popular prince. They were offended by his morganatic marriage and by his nobly independent course in scorning its proposed annulment and in standing by his wife, whom he had succeeded in having raised to the title of Duchess. He was an intelligent man; he had no illiberal views regarding the rights of the Slav minorities in the Empire. Yet, even so, they looked upon him with suspicion, for, as Crown Prince he was bound to support a Teutonic hegemony. Unhappily, he arrived at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, with a pronouncement confirmatory of that hegemony, and on the very day when the many Serbs in the province were sadly solemnizing the anniversary of the Battle of Kossovo (1389), the overthrow of the Serb by the conquering Turk. The spectacle on such an occasion, as the Archduke must have known, of the scion of another conquering power would inflame some excitable and irresponsible person to violence. Yet the Crown Prince intrepidly dared to go to Sarajevo and to take his wife with him. The result was the proximate cause of the World War.

Belgrade.

Henry Ford's Theory of Economics

The capital he holds belongs to the consumer, and should be
"charged off" and returned in price reductions

By DON C. SEITZ

IN a volume just issued from the Country Life Press Henry Ford, collaborating with Samuel Crowther, reveals with remarkable frankness and convincing comment his theory of economics in its relations to industry. He calls his volume "To-Day and To-Morrow." Properly enough, "To-Day" takes up most of the space. The book booms with optimism. "We are being born into Opportunity," it heralds. Perhaps! The easy inference is that anybody can make 2,000,000 flivvers a year.

But behind all this is to be found a revelation of Ford economic theories as they work out in practice that carries an important lesson to the country at large.

MR. FORD is about the only manufacturer or concern who has not "capitalized" the earning power of his plant up to the last stage of tenuity. On the contrary: "We have built nothing for the sake of building. We have bought nothing for the sake of buying. We make nothing for the sake of making." Further: "No step has been taken excepting in the interest of the public and the wage-earners." The former has been blessed by a constant lowering of costs; the latter, by a rise in wages that now means a minimum of \$6 per day, though many of the 200,000 directly employed earn much more. "Cutting wages does not reduce costs—it increases them," is Mr. Ford's dictum. The effect of raising wages in his case has been proved by practical demonstration in price reductions: "The only way to get a low-cost product is to pay a high price for a high grade of human service, and to see to it through management that you get that service."

Yet he disclaims close supervision. There are few foremen. The work starts in the drafting-room. The blue print governs. The parts must fit; also, their cost must keep coming down. It looks simple when you read it. Wages being above those of any union scale affecting automobile building, there are no labor disputes, no hindrances. All work is work, and men are agreeable to turn their hands to anything. On the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton Railroad there is no caste. Men scrub, fix the track, or sell tickets for the same wage, and follow all

the diverse occupations, as needed. They have ceased to be meticulous, with amazing results in increasing earning power. The road makes much money, and could earn much more if permitted to do so by the rules of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which forbids cutting rates in the interest of bigger business.

Mr. Ford has made it his specialty to revive dead properties. The Kentucky coal mines he bought were bankrupt, their miners in poverty; the iron mines and the lumber mills were in the same state. Now flourishing towns have replaced squalid clusters of huts. Two-thirds of the men own cars—not all Fords. Close utilization of products and high wages have done this. Coal valued at \$5 per ton becomes worth \$12 by the time the retorts at the Fordson plant are through with it. So also the timber is used—to the last scrap. A new method of heckling flax mechanically has developed a market for 45,000 acres of that textile plant in the neighborhood of Detroit.

Plate glass is no longer poured from cumbrous pots, but flows forth from furnaces in unending ribbons. Waste wood becomes artificial board. The refuse from the flax stuffs cushions. Tasks are "set" for production, so bottom costs are reached. Mr. Ford recites cutting the price in two for an item bought elsewhere. The manufacturer squirmed, but conceded the new figure—and made more money than ever! Under this system, Mr. Ford estimates that, adding his own pay-rolls to those of the people who supply him with things not self-produced, his enterprise distributes one thousand million dollars in wages per year. He thus believes he has established a rotating fund that flows back through his factory, leaving an increment behind, from which he takes only a "negligible" part. The rest goes into improvements or lower prices. There is no capital account and he is not charging his customers interest on the vast investment. They have already paid all they owe him. "We do not regard the public's money returned to the business as an investment upon which interest should be charged. That money is the public's money, and the public, having confidence in our product

to pay money to us, is entitled to benefit by its confidence. We have no right to charge the public with interest on its own money."

This is the key-note of the difference between Ford and most industrialists, who capitalize everything that can be called an asset, plus "loading" earning power. Not many get as rich by this process as Mr. Ford seems to have done by his.

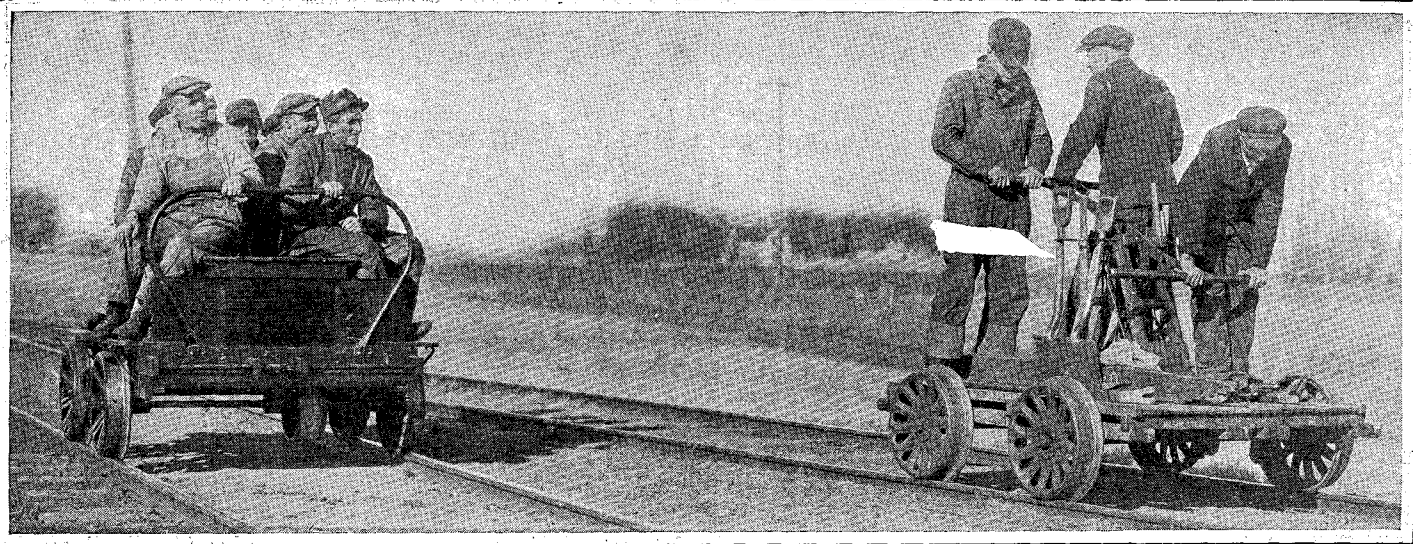
SATURATION? No danger, it would appear. If every Ford owner will buy a new car every six years, the full tide of output will continue, with much of the wide world still carless.

One other economic value greatly wasted is time. Men do not stoop to pick up things in the Ford shops. They do not fuss with dull tools; new ones are ever at hand. He treats his transportation in the same way. The wastage of railroads by slow transport is something colossal. Henry will have none of it. His ships stay in harbor hours—not days. His engines are always moving; his freight cars never loaf on sidings.

The time wastage is nowhere greater than on the farm. His small-part and tool factories on the little water powers of the river Rouge take up the slack time of farmers. Men do their farming now in a month and have bigger crops. They get as much time off as they need. It steadily grows less, but the farms are doing better. His own farm pays the \$6 standard wages for eight hours, but neither the soil, cows, nor pigs are permitted to loaf. Besides, they are kept clean. The cows are washed daily. Cleanliness is a Ford rule everywhere. His own great farm is cultivated and cropped in fifteen days by men who earn \$6 per day. Sixty tractors plow its broad acres and "keep the land in a high state of productivity."

One would think this speeding up would over-produce. It does not. "There is plenty of work to be done," says this practical Aladdin. "No one has any conception of the amount of work that can be done in this country if prices are kept down and wages up!"

This slogan ought to be greeted with enthusiasm everywhere, outside of pawnshops!



Photograph from Fairmont Railway Motors, Inc.

A Contrast in Section-Gang Mobility
The motor car of to-day and the hand car of yesterday

Modernity from a Car Window

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THE middle-aged man of to-day has witnessed half the total evolution of the American steam railroad. When he travels over the iron highway, he cannot fail to be impressed by the improvements it has undergone within the span of his own recollection. In most cases, however, his impressions do not do justice to the facts. He is likely to give an undue share of attention to changes that affect directly and obviously the personal comfort of the traveler. He embarks at a sumptuous terminal station, which affords a striking contrast to the dingy, draughty "depot" of long ago. He settles himself complacently in his spacious armchair aboard the Limited, and his mind reverts to the rudimentary passenger trains of the 'seventies or early 'eighties, innocent of steam heat, electric light, and vestibules,

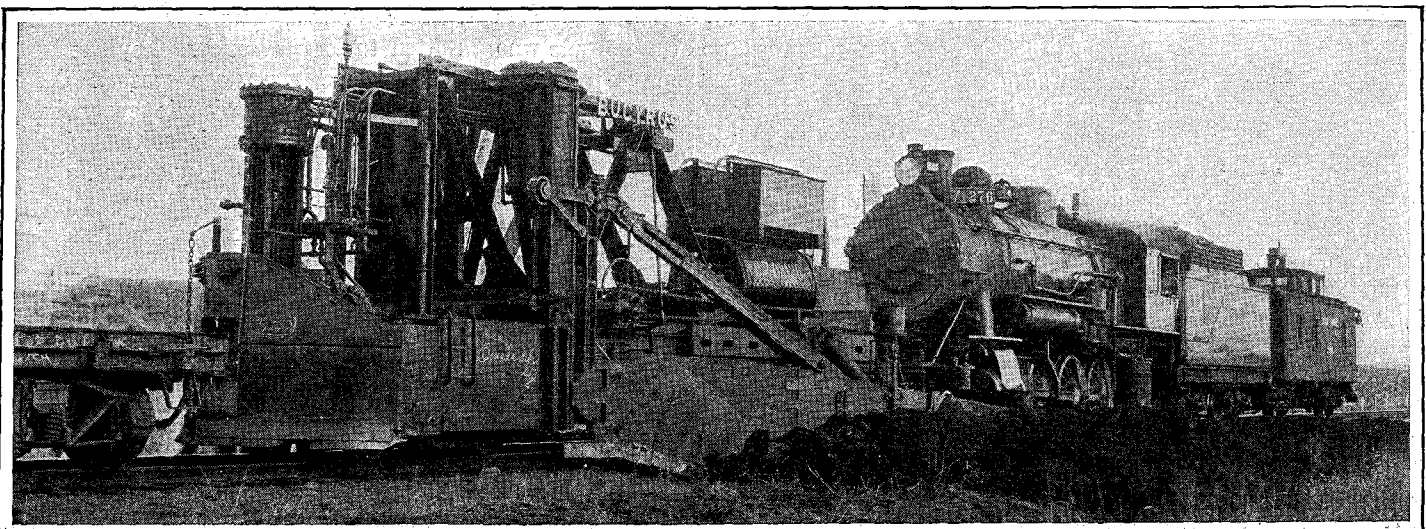
observation platforms, barber shops, and diners. Dazzling progress, indeed! though much remains to be done to make travel as safe as it is comfortable; and, even in the matter of comfort, we must still perform acrobatic feats of dressing and undressing when we take a nocturnal journey, unless we are of the few who can afford a compartment.

Get a railroad man to talk about railroad improvements, and it is likely that he will not mention passenger accommodations at all. He will dwell rather upon things of which the traveler gets glimpses through the car window; things that not only facilitate the stupendous business of transportation, but also lighten and lend dignity to the tasks of a vast army of railroad workers.

The picture at the top of this page tells a typical story of railroad progress.

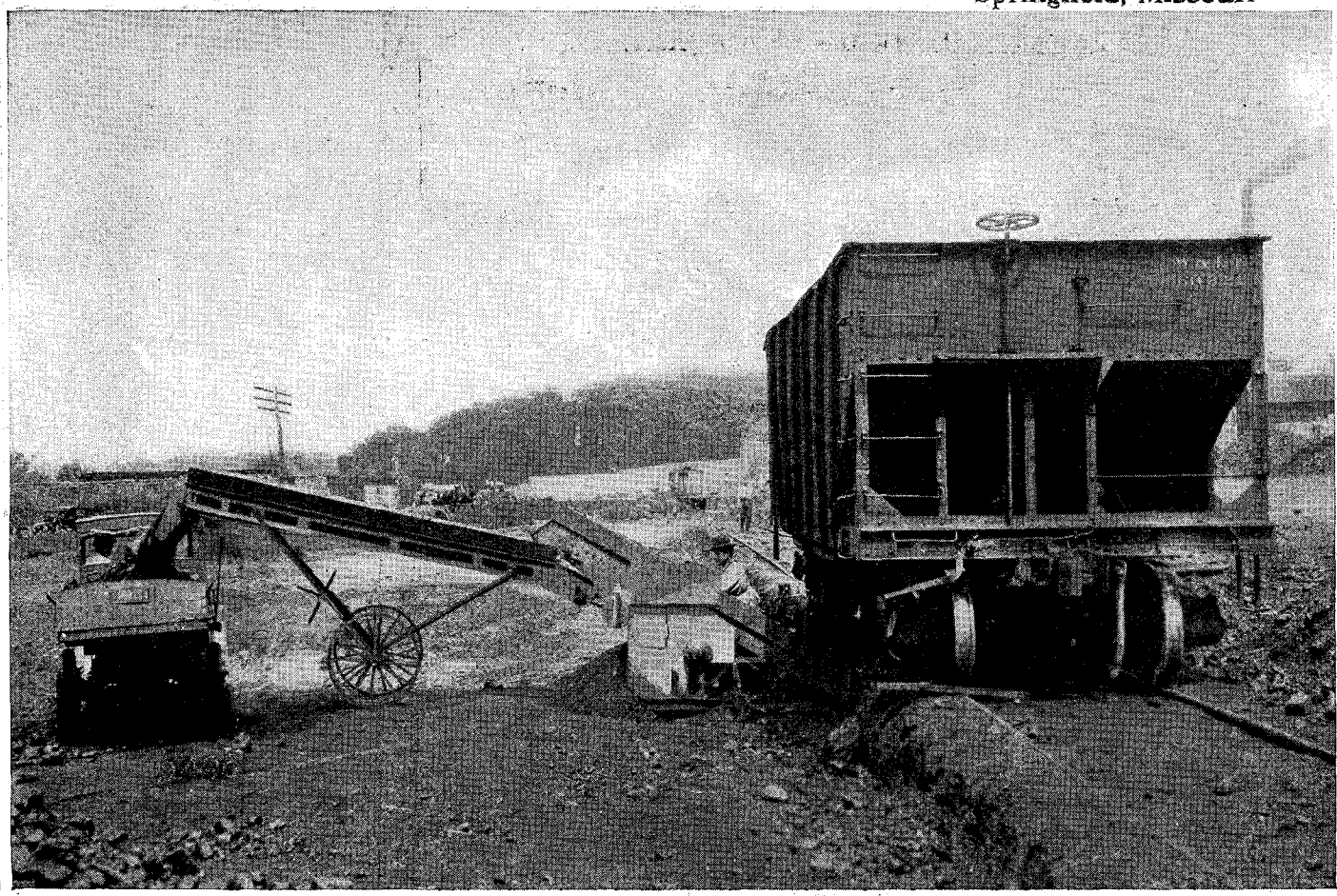
It seems but yesterday that the back-breaking hand-car was universal. To-day it is rapidly disappearing before the advent of the motor car, of which there are several styles and sizes, ranging from the light "speeder," which a single man can easily lift on and off the rails, to the largest section cars, which run on "train orders," and to which one or more trailers may be attached for transporting ties and other materials. Many of these cars are so constructed that their motors can be used to drive tools for drilling rails and other work along the right of way—in competition with that other modern labor-saving adjunct of maintenance and construction operations, the portable air-compressor.

No sight more eloquent of progress is to be had through the car window than the action of the automatic coupler.



Photograph from Bucyrus Co.

The Work of the Spreader Plow
Digging ditches and shaping the roadbed by machinery



Photograph from Jeffrey Mfg. Co.

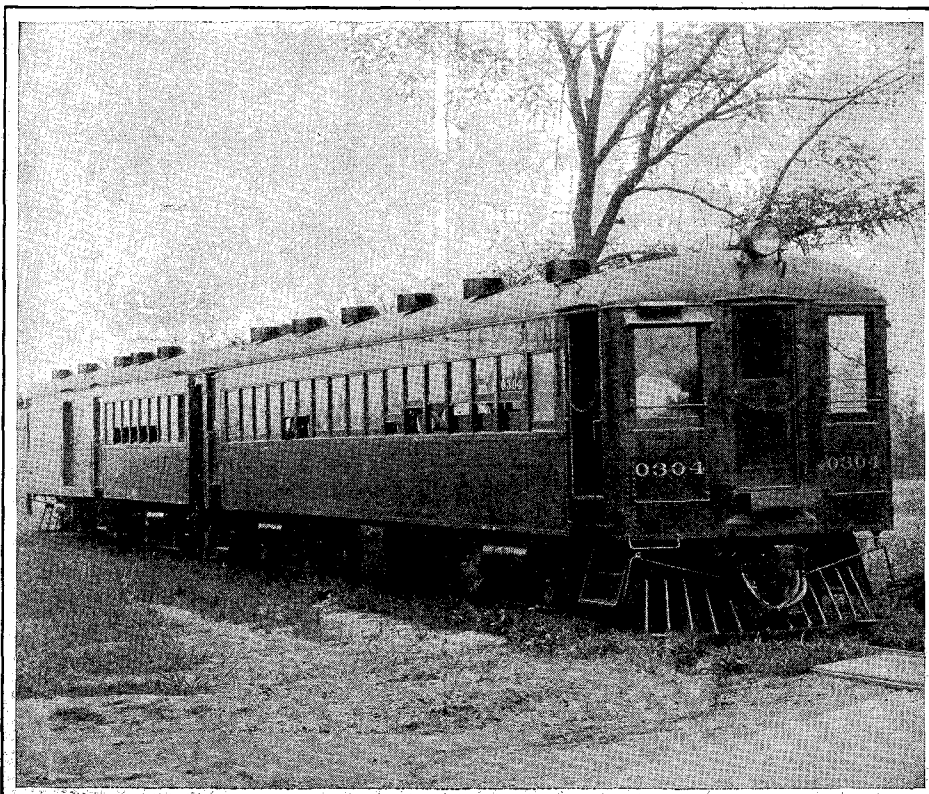
The Hopper Car and the Portable Car Unloader

The steel hopper car, with sloping ends to facilitate the flow of its contents, discharges through gates at the bottom. Its size is impressive. As compared with the wooden coal cars of 1870, with an average capacity of 11 tons, these steel monsters carry from 50 to 100 and even 120 tons of coal. The portable car unloader is a species of conveyor designed for unloading coal or other materials from hopper cars directly into trucks or to storage pile. It will fill a five-ton truck in five minutes with the casual co-operation of one man.

Though banned by Act of Congress in 1893, the old "link-and-pin" coupler, with its terrific record of maimed arms and bodies, was not yet entirely obsolete at the beginning of the present century. Guiding the link into place by hand as two cars came together was the deadliest of the daily tasks once performed by trainmen and switchmen.

How would you like the job of shoveling three or four tons of coal an hour into the fiery maw of a locomotive on a torrid summer afternoon? From your comfortable chair on the Pullman you may still see firemen sweating at this task; but you will also note a good many sitting at ease in the cab, while a tireless mechanical stoker feeds the flames.

Railroad modernity is a crowded picture. Some of its salient features are air-brakes, all-steel cars, colossal locomotives, automatic block signals, and electrified tunnels. Not less interesting are the manifold appliances that, while speeding traffic, conspicuously enhance the welfare of the men whose lives are spent in railroading. Novel luxuries provided for the transient inmates of perambulatory hotels are of quite subordinate importance.



Photograph from International Motor Co.

The Gasoline Rail Car

The advent of the gasoline bus on "steam" railroads marks an epoch in railroading. Thus far the function of these vehicles is to replace the local train of one or two coaches and a locomotive for light passenger service, effecting a very marked reduction in both investment and operating expenses.

Indian Names in Glacier Park

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Author of "My Life as an Indian"

IN the summer of 1915, five years after Glacier National Park was established, a number of families of the Pikuni—or, as they are officially misnamed, the Blackfeet—set up their lodges on the shore of Two Medicine Lodge Lake, just outside the east line of the Park. From there, every morning, the old hunters rode out in quest of the few elk and deer remaining in the timbered foothills of their reservation, the while their women gathered great store of berries to dry for winter use. A few of the hunters were successful, and around the evening lodge fires we feasted upon fat roasted ribs; and then, when the big pipe was going the round of the circle, we talked of many things, often of encampments and adventures in this very place when buffalo meat was the staff of life and buffalo robes and buffalo leather were the clothing and the shelter of the people. But the talk was not always of the past. One night, when it turned to matters of the present day, my old friend Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill spoke bitterly of that which he named "the most recent wrong which the whites have put upon us."

Said he: "It is true that nineteen winters ago we sold to the whites this backbone-of-the-world portion of our reservation. But did we at the same time sell to them the names that we and our fathers before us had given to these mountains, lakes, and streams?"

"No! We did not sell them! And now the whites have wiped them out, and upon the map of the country they have put their own names; foolish names of no meaning whatever! Our names were, in a way, the history of our people to far-back times. My friends, the whites' names should at once be wiped out, and our names restored to the map of the region, that our children who come after us may be ever reminded of the bravery, the dignity, the in every way fine character of their once powerful ancestors, and so be ever proud of the blood in their veins."

"Ai! Ai! True! That should be done!" the old man's listeners exclaimed.

Pointing to me, the old chief continued: "Right here is one of us who can do it. Apikuni, we name you for this important work."

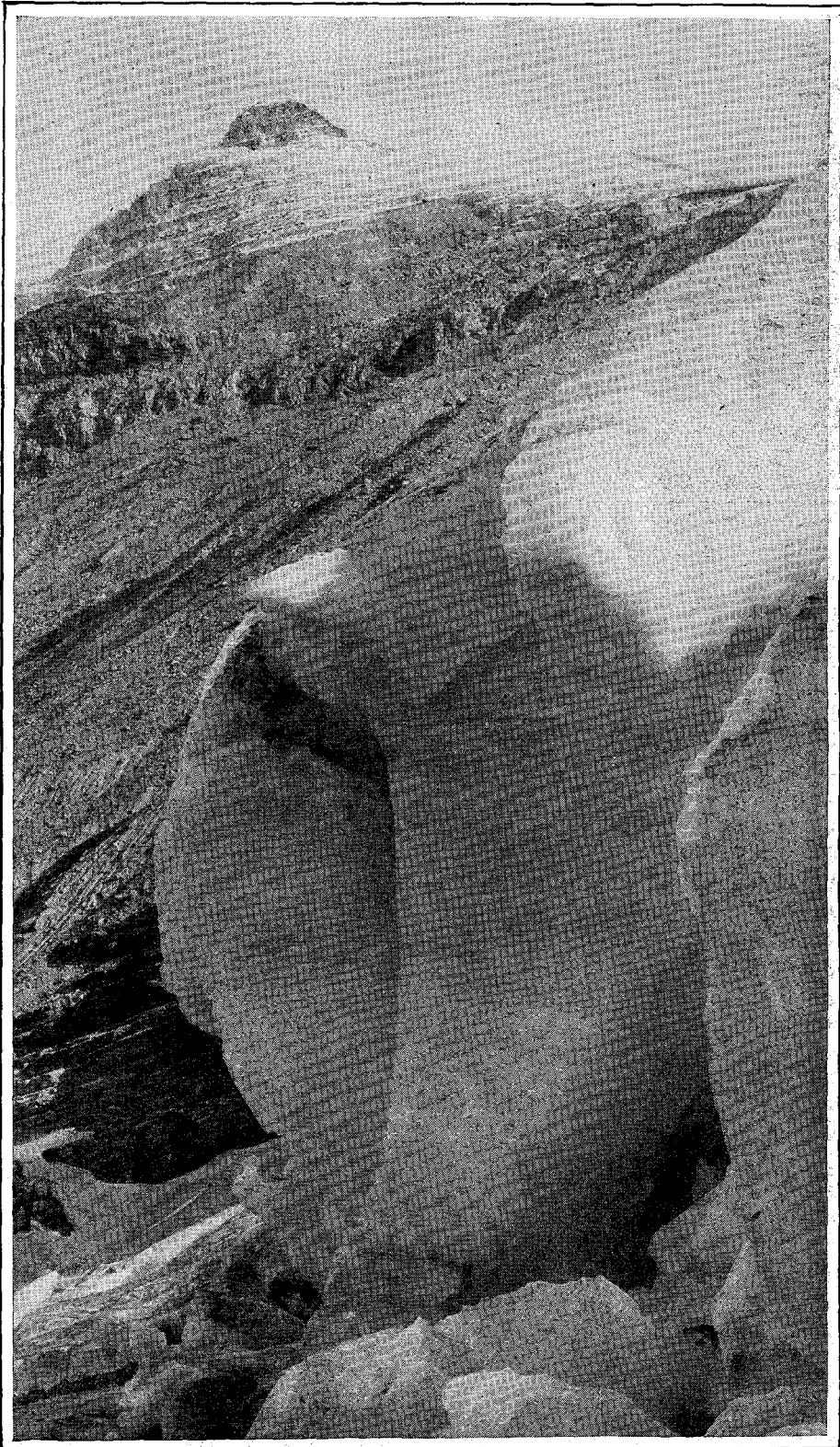
"Ai! Ai! You can do it, you must do it," chorused the little circle.

"I shall be glad to do it, but not this

summer; other work prevents," I replied.

Summer after summer, when I came to camp and visited with my friends of the old buffalo days, they urged that the work be done, but other and pressing

matters necessitated its postponement, and it was not until the spring of 1925 that the way was clear for the undertaking. On June 1 I again camped with the older men of the Pikuni and their families on the shore of Two Medicine



The Indians saw this scenery first,

Lodges Lake. But how many were missing of those who had been there with us ten years before! Gone to the Sandhills, dread abode of the dead of the Blackfoot tribes, were the shadows of Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, Medicine Owl, Boy Chief, and other leaders of the tribe.

Counseling together around the evening fire in Curly Bear's sacred Beaver Medicine lodge, we soon came to agreement upon the prosecution of the work. Briefly, it was decided that—

1. We should erase from the map all the whites' names of the topographical features of our side—the east side—of the Park, with the exception of the names of the white men who were, or had been, members of the Blackfoot tribes or who had been closely identified with them as their true friends.

2. That we should ourselves give names to various east-side features that our tribes had in the past neglected to name.

3. That as the west side of the Park

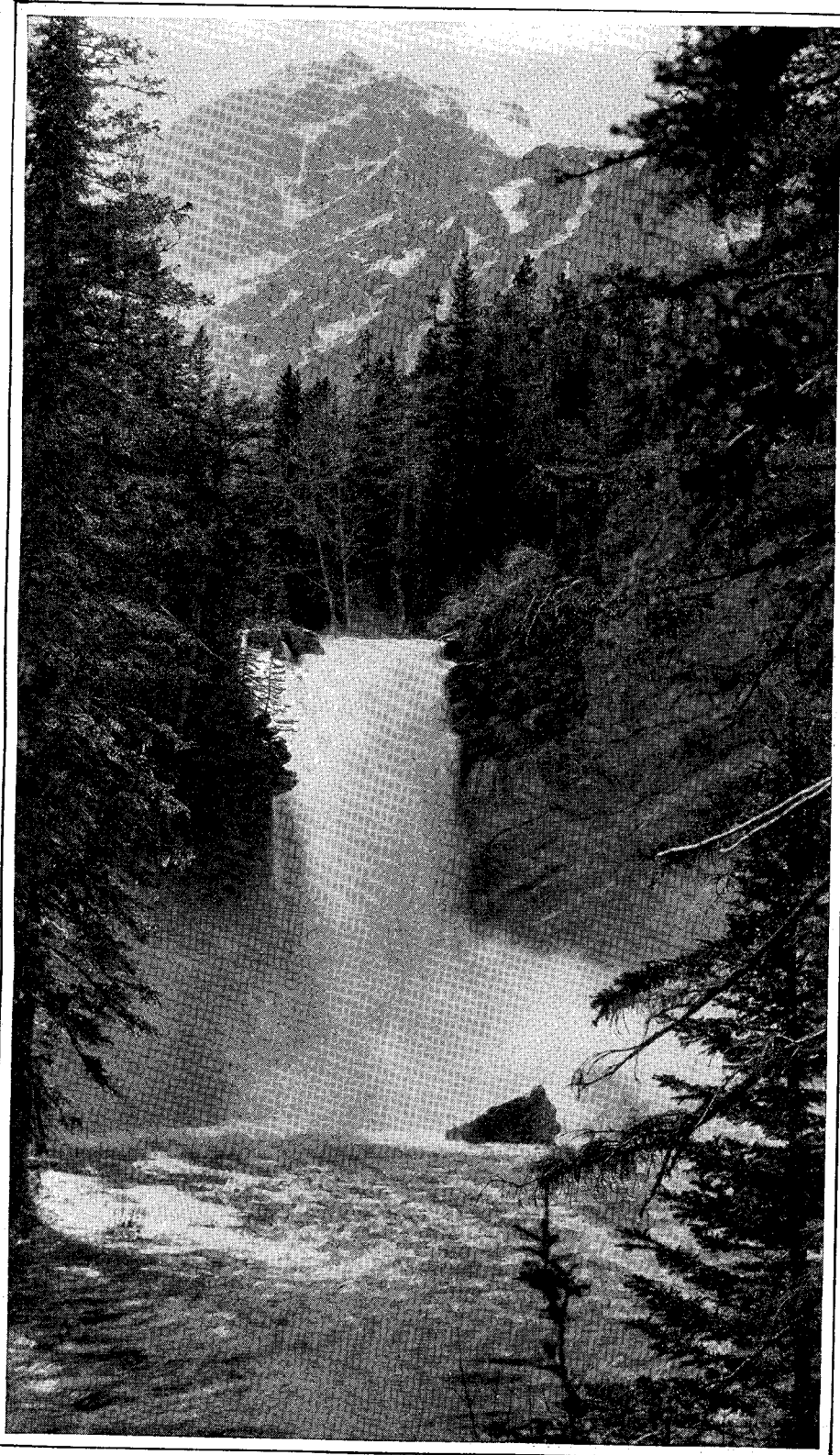
had been a part of the vast country of the Kutenai Indians, they should be asked to restore to it the names that they had given its various features.

4. That Takes-Gun-First—or Eli Guardipee, as he is known to the whites—and Curly Bear should be my close and constant assistants in the work.

So ended our council. Camp was broken and we went our various ways; Guardipee, Curly Bear, and I north to Fort Macleod, Alberta, to meet some members of the north, or Canadian, branch of the Kutenai tribe. One of them was a half-Kutenai, half-Pikuni man of great intelligence, named by his Pikuni mother Kakitos (Star), who gladly acted as our interpreter. When he told his companions the object of our visit to them, they became quite excited over the opportunity we offered to restore to the west side of Glacier Park the names that their ancestors had given its various features. We worked with them for several weeks, and were greatly pleased with the picturesque, really poetic names that they had for several of the glaciers and lakes.

Returning south, we passed the remainder of the summer in recording the Blackfoot tribes' names for the topographical features of the east side of the Park and the history of each name so far as known. This against an ever-rising tide of protest: Florence, Josephine, and Elizabeth did not want Indian names restored to the lakes that had been named for them; Stark Point should continue to be the name for the point of the mountain which, in deepest gratitude for his aid when in dire need, the Pikuni had long since named for Dr. George Bird Grinnell, or Fisher Cap, as they affectionately call him; and certain religious organizations insisted that Heavens Peak was far more appropriate for a certain mountain than any old Indian name by which it had been known.

The result of our work on the east side of the Park is really the history of the Blackfoot tribes to far back times. For instance, mountains named for Bull Back-Fat and Eagle Ribs recall the fact that these two men were the leaders of the Blackfoot party that in 1830 *engagé* Berger induced to visit Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and there make a treaty of peace with Little Water-Whiteman, Kenneth Mackenzie, American Fur Company factor at that place; and thereby was opened up for purposes of trade and for early settlement the whole of the upper Missouri country. We have, too, the life history of each of these chiefs, and vastly interesting they are. Their portraits, which were painted by George Catlin in 1832,



and they claim the right to name it

are in the National Gallery, in Washington.

Then, instead of Trick Falls, we have Running Eagle Falls, named for the long-ago virgin woman warrior of the Pikuni, the only woman of the tribe ever given a man name. A number of other features of this east slope of the Park bear the names of women who in one way and another have important place in the history of the tribes.

Different from the Blackfeet tribes, the Kutenai Indians have practically no historic background. They were ever a timid people, living in the fastnesses of the mountains and the vast forests to the west of them, and their *coups* were the killings of grizzly bears, instead of human foes. The most interesting information that we got from them was that about their names for certain features of the great range. To them the largest ice sheet in the Park, the Blackfeet Glacier,

is Old Man Ice. He is believed to be the father of Son Ice (Sperry Glacier) and Daughter Ice (Pumpelly Glacier); while Old Woman Ice (Red Eagle Glacier) is Old Man's wife.

Long Bow Ice (Harris Glacier) was so named because, in the very long ago, a huge bow was found embedded in it.

Ice-Where-the-Goats'-Children-Play is the small Baby Glacier of the Geological Survey map.

Sacred Dancing Lake (Lake Macdonald) was so named for the reason that it was on its shores that the tribe held its annual religious ceremony. And Old Woman Lakes are the St. Marys Lakes; like the head of an old woman, they are almost constantly white with wind-driven waves.

Said Curly Bear, when winter came and our task was finished: "Well, in this we have, anyhow, done good work, lasting work. When we old Pikuni die, our knowledge dies with us. But the whites

put their knowledge upon paper before they die, and that knowledge lives forever. Our children are now learning the white men's ways; they will read this, our work, they will study this, our map, and their hearts will be glad. Kyi! Let us smoke and rest."

Ai! But here is a thought: Since 1917 the people of the State of Washington have been trying to induce the United States Geographic Board to give Mount Rainier its ancient and rightful name, Mount Tacoma, and have met with no success in their effort. So is it that we fear our work will meet a like fate.

Said Theodore Roosevelt of this: "Why should we Americans abandon the splendid Indian name, Tacoma, in order to call our noblest landmark after an obscure foreigner whose only connection with our history is that he fought against us when we were an infant nation?"

China's Fight Against Illiteracy

An ancient civilization develops new methods of education

By FRANK B. LENZ

THERE is something brewing in China.

For the past half-dozen years something special has been brewing. It has not yet found its way into the columns of our American dailies. But it may at any time. It has been crowded into the background and out of our journals.

Despatches dealing with brigandage, civil war, anti-foreignism, Communist propaganda, tariff reform, and all the ugly activities of foreign Powers have been displayed as a daily diet for our confused reading public.

But what does the average citizen of this country or Canada know of China's heroic fight against one of her deadliest internal enemies? The answer is—nothing.

The battle royal which is now on in China is a battle against ignorance. It is a fight to the finish against illiteracy. And when we stop to consider that eighty per cent of China's 400,000,000 population can neither read nor write we get an idea of the length and breadth of the battle-front.

China is not a stupid nation. Far from it. Paradoxical as it sounds, she is a land of scholars. Her people love learning. I have seen her old men as well as her youths in the great interior cities carefully pick up newspapers from

the streets rather than tread on the characters printed thereon. Yet the great mass of people, the peasants and workers, have been so busy trying to keep their rice bowls filled that they have had neither time, money, nor energy with which to get an education.

China has suddenly become articulate. She has grown vociferous in recent years. She has developed a national conscious-

ness. She has been stabbed awake by her students from within and by the activities of foreign Powers from without.

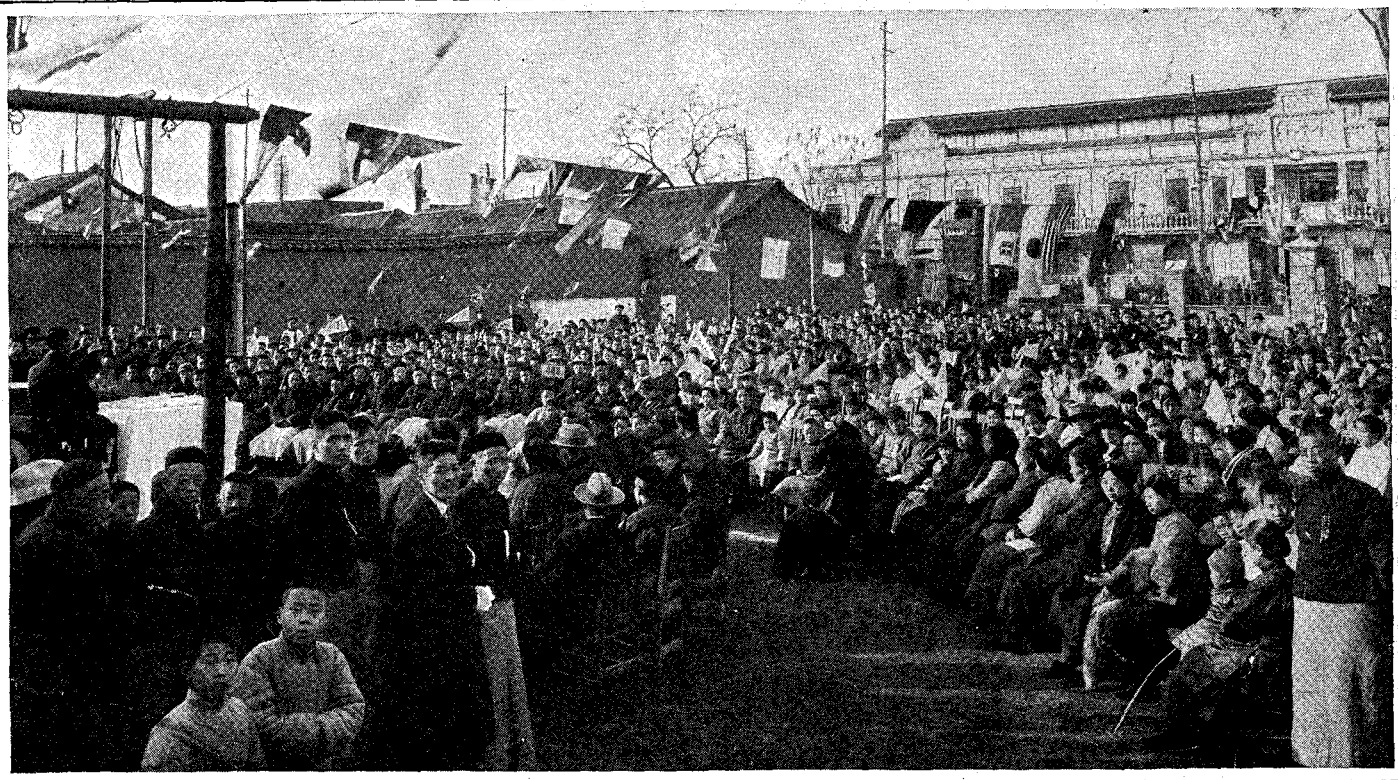
An intellectual awakening called the *Hsin Su chao* or new thought tide is sweeping over the land with terrific velocity. A great revolution has occurred in the language. To understand the significance of the mass attack on illiteracy one should first consider that for centuries there have been two distinct languages in China. The classical language is used only as a literary medium, and the vernacular or spoken language used by scholars and common people alike in conversation. There is as much difference between these two as there is between English and Latin.

The need for something else became so keenly felt with the importation of Western culture and science—the classical language could not express scientific terms—that in 1917 Mr. Hu Shih, a graduate of Cornell and Columbia, advocated the adoption of Pei Hua, or the spoken language, as a literary medium.

The "literary revolution" of 1917-19 resulted in the overthrow of the classical language, and immediately newspapers, magazines, and books written in the Pei Hua flooded the country. The adoption of the simplified language as a literary medium made it possible to accomplish in a few years what had formerly re-



Y. C. James Yen



Commencement exercises of the Hangchow popular education classes

quired a lifetime. But the desperate struggle for existence made it impossible for the masses to devote even a few years to education.

A reformed language, but no one to take advantage of it! Was the struggling giant to be denied the fruits of hard-earned reform? No. Suddenly, rolling up out of the west, but headed by a brilliant son of Han, came the mass education movement. Last summer, at the Institute of Pacific Relations in Honolulu, where the nations of the Pacific met to discuss their common problems, President Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Stanford University, characterized the movement as "the most significant undertaking in the Orient." Although it is less than five years ago that the first classes were held in Changsha, more than two million text-books have been issued and more than three million students, averaging in age from twelve to twenty-five, have been enrolled. It is the most extraordinary democratic movement of the age, and it is progressing by leaps and bounds from one end of China to the other.

The leader of this significant undertaking is Y. C. James Yen. "Jimmy" Yen, as he is familiarly called by his foreign friends, is a graduate of an American university. Much has been said about the inability of the "returned student" to serve his country upon his return to China. But Yen is one of many who have taken more than a degree from our institutions of learning. He took an idea and an inspiration from Yale, and

it was not long before he translated the idea into action. In fact, he did not wait till he returned to China to begin. He went into action behind the lines on the western front in France.

Yen was a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association with the Chinese labor battalions in France during the war. His family are among the Chinese literati of Szechuan Province, of stock popularly believed to trace back to Confucius. "Jimmy" had the chance to make a brilliant but easy career among his kind, but he cast in his lot with the toiling, ignorant masses of China.

I met him first in Shanghai, shortly after his return from Europe. I discovered in him strong qualities of leadership enriched by an abounding enthusiasm that drew men to him. He is a good mixer, a fiery speaker, an excellent tennis player, and a singer of charm. No party or group can remain dull when Yen is in its midst.

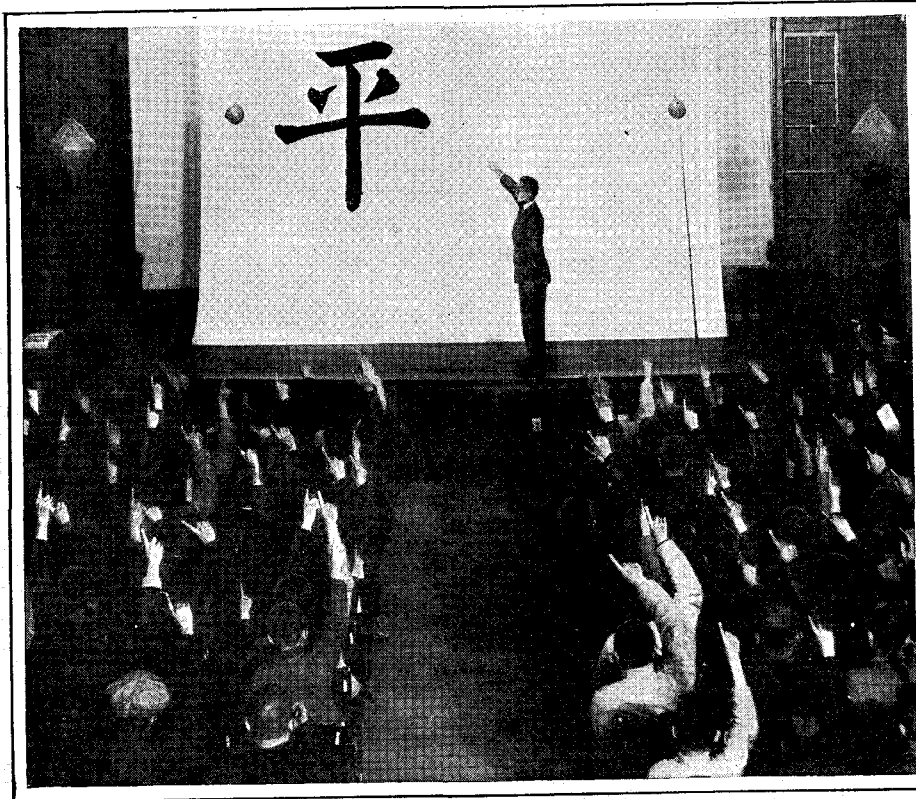
When Yen found himself with G. H. Cole, another Y secretary, together with a number of Chinese students, in intimate contact with the least favored members of his own race on a battle-ground in a foreign land, he came to a realization of their terrible need. There they were, with little news from home and unable to read it when it came. He determined to teach them how to read and write. Being a Christian, Yen's urge to service soon found expression.

Instituting classes for his coolie charges, he found an astonishing thirst for learning. He discovered that they

soon learned to read and write. He started the first Pei Hua paper. It was issued for the "coolies." The word coolie is derived from two Chinese words, *ku li*—bitter strength. The paper was called the "Laborers' Weekly." This intimate contact with the burly sons of Shantung afforded a unique opportunity for the practical study of the problem of mass education. With his college background and his burning desire to serve his less fortunate brothers, Yen carried on an experimentation which lasted even until his return to China, where he finally worked out the device known as the "Foundation Character System." It consists of but one thousand Chinese characters. It grew out of a tabulation of over a million characters, and its significance lies in the fact that one who knew these one thousand most frequently used characters could read the news of the day in specially prepared papers, read a large number of books, keep accounts, and write letters.

Special text-books based on the latest dictates of psychology and pedagogy were prepared and different methods of instruction for different kinds of classes were worked out.

Two of the methods are especially interesting. One is for people of itinerant callings, such as the rickshaw coolies and the itinerant vendors, who cannot attend regular classes, and the other for instructing from four to six hundred students simultaneously. The rickshaw coolie or vendor receives his instruction at "question stations"—shops or resi-



A lantern-slide class in the Shanghai Y. M. C. A. to teach students how to write Chinese characters

dences in all parts of the city where there is a literate willing to help any man who wants to learn. All the "stations" are plainly marked, so a student with a leisure moment has no difficulty in finding an instructor willing to give him a private lesson.

Experiments have shown that the method of teaching large groups brings better results than any other. First, all lights go off and the stereopticon throws a brilliantly colored picture on the screen. There is no trouble getting attention, as no student can see his neighbor. The teacher asks questions about the picture, so as to bring out the words in the vocabulary. Let us suppose that there is the word "man" in the vocabulary, and that this was brought out in the questions. Following the discussion, the character for man will be thrown on the screen in gigantic size. The pupils see the written character for the spoken word and are called on to repeat the word "man." Four hundred voices shout "man" as loudly as possible. You can't imagine the noise they make. It is terrific! The huge character makes an indelible impression through the eyes. The vocal organs form the word and yell it out. Hundreds of voices pour the sound in upon the ear-drums and the hands draw the character in the air. Do you think they will ever forget it? Never! They eat, sleep, and dream characters. They have never had so much excitement in their lives.

Mr. Yen's experiments were conducted

in three representative cities in different parts of China. In each place a city-wide campaign touching every one from the highest magistrate to the beggars on the street was conducted. The help of the fortune-tellers and story-tellers was especially sought, and proved very effective. A general committee of the leading citizens was organized, volunteer teachers recruited, and free classrooms secured in all parts of the city. Following an intensive publicity campaign a house-to-house canvass for students was made. Over five thousand students were enrolled in the three cities and attended the classes each week night during the four months. The cost of instruction was about one dollar per pupil, but this was raised by popular subscription. The only expense incurred by the student was the price of his books, which amounted to about five cents.

The Y. M. C. A. sponsored Yen at the beginning, and classes were held in Y. M. C. A. buildings, stores, churches, temples, and all sorts of meeting-places, as well as in the open. The movement spread over rural as well as urban sections of China with amazing rapidity, graduates of a class often taking charge of a fresh class. The movement is no longer under Y. M. C. A. leadership, although it has a full-time secretary, Daniel Fu, directing its activities in this field.

Mass education is now under way in a thousand villages in twenty-two of China's twenty-three provinces, and Yen

himself does not know how many classes there are. He is trying to co-ordinate the work and to improve the quality of instruction through provincial supervisors, but all the local classes are self-supporting and spontaneously organized. More than one hundred thousand teachers have volunteered their services.

The central organization through which Yen works is headed by Mme. Hsiung Hsi-ling, wife of the former Premier and herself a well-known social reformer; Dr. Yuan Hsi-tao, former Vice-Minister of Education; P. W. Kuo, President of National Southeastern University; Chang Po-ling, President of Nankai University; and many other noted educators and literary men.

Many classes are held in the army, with officers and literate soldiers as tutors of the illiterates. Several generals requested mass education for their soldiers.

Judging from the results already obtained in Changsha, Chefoo, Kashing, Hangchow, Shanghai, Hankow, and other big cities, the mass education movement in China has demonstrated that it has captured the imagination of the people. It is a unifying force in the life of the nation. Politically China is divided, but in education, and particularly in mass education, she is one. The new system enables a mechanic of Manchuria to correspond with a carpenter of Canton—something that he had always paid a public letter-writer to do.

True citizenship is being taught in the "follow up" schools. "Good citizenship weeks" in China will soon be as popular as Thrift Week in America. A taste and a demand for a new literature is developing rapidly. A people's literature is in the making, and the intellectual awakening is becoming a reality not merely among a few of the intellectuals but among the four hundred million people.

The movement has shown its ability to live under the present chaotic conditions, and is the only educational movement which has afforded a practical solution of China's illiteracy. Millions do not even know whether China is a monarchy or a republic and have no thought of taking part in the Government. In China's struggle for democracy she must have an educated citizenship which can take an intelligent stand on the issues at stake. This can be brought about by education, and the mass education movement is one of her greatest hopes at present.

If the present pace is maintained, Mr. Yen will live to see his slogan fulfilled—"Make China a literate nation in this generation."

Those Who Have Gone Back

By CARLETON BEALS

SOME years ago I went steerage to Europe—with those who were going back to take up life again in the Old World; fifteen hundred persons slung on sail-cloth bunks, three deep, tier touching tier, down in three great iron cavities reached by two flights of steep grimy stairs.

How little most of these people had learned of American habits, of hygiene, of open-handedness, of that basic democratic trait—instinctive regard for the rights of others! Yet in every case there was something, if no more than the habit of using a patent shaving cream, wearing B. V. D. underwear, or greeting fellow-men with an informal freedom that betokened subjective changes that longer acquaintanceship might have dis-closed.

True, in some cases Americanization appeared complete. There was, for instance, the clean-cut Basque who joined three of us in a game of coon-can on one of the hatchway tarpaulins, a man who had worked in the Texas oil fields for six years.

"I'm just going back for a visit," he explained without accent. "You see, I have a wife in Vizcaya, who's afraid to cross the ocean, and two kids. I'm going to bring the older one back with me—make an American out of him."

A Catalan whom I met a year later in a first-class cabin between Barcelona and Genoa had a different tale. The Catalans, proud and tenacious of their nationality, have little reason to love the Castilian royal Government. Perhaps this same abiding recalcitrancy partially explained his critical attitude toward the United States:

"I couldn't stay in a country where I was just a 'dam' dago,' that's all. Late one night I was hunting for a house number in Brooklyn. A big bull follows me and yells out: 'Hey, what yez doin' around here, you dirty dago? I got my eye on yez! Get along now, or I'll run yez in.'"

"You Americans talk liberty like it was God Almighty; but you can't get a drink of wine without breaking the law. And look at the places where you can't go to the theater or a ball game on Sunday, or drive an auto—some where you can't even buy a package of cigs!

"And look how you kill the niggers! I get on a car in New Orleans. Pretty soon the conductor, he taps my arm and says, 'These seats a' fo' niggahs.' 'S all right,' I say him. 'I don't mind sitting

here.' 'Get out,' he hollers, 'or I'll call a cop,' and the guy yanks my arm.

"A nigger girl asks me for a street in New York. I say her: 'I go that way; come along, please.' We ride together on the street car. I pretty near get my head knocked off. Americans don't know how to be polite."

Some of these crudely expressed criticisms touch fundamental evils. But what to an American is a wrong to be righted to an unassimilated foreigner is an irksome tyranny.

But always the Catalan would hark back to the story of the policeman on that dark night in Brooklyn. That trifling incident, the harshness of those two words, 'dam' dago,' summed up all he felt about America, shutting out every other light.

I had just been in the Balearic Isles, off the southern coast of Spain, where to-day, after six centuries, the Catalans still contemptuously call the descendants of Christianized Jews "*chuetas*," yet my first-cabiner was blind to the parallel. The inborn contempt of the ignorant for the stranger, the foreigner, is a social force that every man who travels is compelled to experience, be it the more enlightened ignorance of the Boston élite who elevate their noses at lesser American breeds, or of a "native son" of California who is a bit more golden with Westness, or a Timbuctoo chieftain proud of his black skin and purple plumes.

Yet the majority of those original fifteen hundred going steerage, whatever minor grievances they cherished, harbored a kindly feeling toward the land they were deserting. After all, the number of people who tear themselves away from an established home for some abstract ideal never equals the number who are stimulated by hope of material betterment.

I recall vividly the three swart Armenians, the "spittoon chorus" that befouled the deck with constant expectoration, and my wonder that they should wish to return to troubled Asia Minor. It transpired that they had been suddenly bit by the urge of again seeing the fatherland, an urge of whose overriding strength only one who has been away from his native country an extended length of time can appreciate. Yet this strange migratory instinct appeared doubly strange in these three, whose shrewd eyes and blunt thumbs seemed best suited for cunningly measuring out

short lengths of dry-goods in some East Side shop. And, indeed, they proved to be stuffed with wild facts concerning the fabulous rates of exchange and low prices. They would settle down and be great merchants among their own people.

From conversations such as I have described with emigrants returning to Europe and from interviews with many others who have resettled in Spain and Italy, I find it is possible to fit most of these into three categories.

Leaving out of account those who had returned to take part in the war—some 250,000 in the case of Italy—there are, first of all, the natural wanderers, those who talk glibly of many lands and bizarre adventures, the people who will never stay put.

There was Dolan, a stocky, two-fisted Irishman with three teeth knocked out by a "belayin'-pin in the auld days on a durrtty two-master poundin' roun' the Horn." He knew Tokyo, Shanghai, Liverpool, Havre, Hamburg, Calcutta, better than Dublin. He could flirt with señoritas in a Peruvian *cantina* or make love to a dusky damsel in a South Sea beach-comber's hut. He had once landed in New York with fifty cents, and had flung it away because he didn't wish to enter such a big city with so little money. He had soldiered in South Africa, mined in western Australia, harvested wheat in Manitoba. He could tell the distinction in vivid terms of taste and after-effect of whisky, Mexican *mescal*, Andean *chicha*, Jamaica rum, and Russian *vodka*—all drunk in their native habitat. Dolan was an Irish epic, and no mistake.

Some immigrants may have merely done their wandering from Bleeker Street to the Barbary coast, from the levees of New Orleans to the automobile factories of Detroit, but the shiftless, aggressive character of this type is readily distinguished. They will soon be wandering again from their native countries.

Then there are the potential wanderers, whose lack of initiative or courage alone causes them to cling to one spot. They are the disillusioned ones of earth, who see the good things ever *mas allá*. They were vaguely dissatisfied in the United States. Italy, France, Poland, after a few years seemed to them lost paradises. Home again, they see in the United States another lost paradise, and will spend the remainder of their lives scheming to return.

Serenio, a melancholy brown-eyed Italian from Settignano, in Tuscany,

whom I met coming through France, was one of these. He had a vivid recollection of the half-wild olive groves and vineyards, the easy-going village ways, the homely church festivals. A bit of a poet he was as he pictured to me the sun setting over San Miniato, the Arno winding in a silver thread through white-and-gold Florence, the long westerly march of the hills.

Questioned as to America, he gave vague replies; he had lived there in a dream. He didn't like America too much. Everything was business, no leisure. Yes, he did miss the wine, though that was a minor thing. He simply didn't like the atmosphere, somehow.

A Spaniard of similar type found his grudge against the United States in the formula: "*Los Americanos no saben divertirse*" (Americans don't know how to enjoy themselves)—a summing up of the general Latin view that life is something to be enjoyed, without the American concomitants of power and success; the fondness for lands where the siestas are long, work casual, where men take time to admire beauty and live for love.

But he and his kind suppressed their memory of the harsher side of Old World life, the side they escaped from by going to America. They may now find themselves in easier circumstances than when they originally emigrated, but they are

the ones who will eternally hanker after the United States.

I once asked a class of East Side Italians to whom I was teaching English why they had come to America, fondly imagining that, if for no other reason than to please me, the reply would be, "Liberty" or "Democracy," but in one roar they shouted, "Money!"

MOST of those who have gone back have the money now, thanks to their savings and the favorable exchange rates. The most prevalent idea is to settle down as small shopkeepers—I have talked to them by dozens in their kerosene-lighted cubbyholes.

Some have preserved part of their acquired American customs; some seem to have reverted completely to good Frenchmen or Italians. There is Gino, with his tiny shop of chocolate and cookies, hairpins and soap, who lived on the East Side for five years, but who might as well have eaten macaroni in Naples all that time. His shop in Florence is disorderly and dirty, filled with yowling babies who maul every helpless customer. Gino sleeps in one room with his one-eyed wife and brood of unwashed six, with windows tightly closed even in the scorching month of August.

There is Giuseppe, cook of the Trattoria Roosevelt. I might never have met

Giuseppe, though every time I stepped into the place I heard his mouth-filling oaths from beyond the low greasy door through which his thin, hatchet-faced wife, Maria, ducked to and fro in order to serve the customers. But one day the tables were half empty and Maria waxed confidential, which means that with true Florentine curiosity she wanted to know my whole life history. And what a big to-do when she assured herself that I was an American! Giuseppe came ramping out of the kitchen, wiping his thick red neck with his apron.

"You come from da America?" He beamed. "I live in New York eight years. To-morrow I cook da dinner same as New York. You see what a good dinner I cook for you!"

The dinner proved excellent and American; the bill a typical petty Italian extortion.

But very often acquired American habits are stubbornly adhered to. Sometimes this is from the desire to show invidious neighbors constant evidence of having been abroad, for to speak ill of the United States would be to belittle one's own experiences. In general the degree of Americanization is not so much dependent upon the time spent in America as upon the occupation followed and the distance the immigrant traveled from New York.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Peary¹

A Review by R. D. TOWNSEND

BYRD and Amundsen reached the North Pole from Spitzbergen within three days of one another; Byrd made the outward-bound trip in eight hours, Amundsen in fifteen. Seventeen years ago Peary marched or rode on dog sled from Cape Columbia, in Greenland, to the Pole in thirty-six days, with a foot half amputated. It is intensely interesting to read the thrilling account of Peary's fight with ice and storm in all his Polar ventures as compared with what invention has made a comparatively easy trip through the air. Commander Green's book shows that Peary had to fight red tape and officialdom as well as the elements. He was not a conciliatory person, but he was

undaunted. "The fates and all hell are against me, but I'll conquer yet," he said. How his men trusted him and took his judgment against their own when their lives were at stake is shown in one incident told to Commander Green by Old Panikpah, the Eskimo:

We were very weak when we reached the shore. We had been on short rations for more than twenty sleeps. Peary spoke of marching towards the late sun to reach the ship. We were surprised.

"The ship lies yonder," Pewahto said, and pointed where the sun comes up. We thought Peary would be very angry when we all agreed with Pewahto. Our leader was a very stern man and we had never contradicted him before. But now we were not far from death.

Peary told us to sit down and talk

about it. He made sure we all had no doubt that the ship was east. Then he told us that the ship was west. But still we did not believe him.

Then Peary stood up among us and said: "You remember that I have a very fine wife. And you have seen my daughter, who is white as the ivory gull. I have also a son whose heart is as my own beating in another breast. I want to go back to my wife and my daughter and my son. And if I were not sure the way I choose, which is to the west, were right I should go as you direct."

At this we fell silent. Presently Ahngmalokto, who was a great medicine man, said: "The White Man speaks the truth. For none could speak as he does and utter other than what is so." Then we all rose and followed Peary and reached the ship in nine sleeps, going just opposite from what we Innuits had wished.

In an unexpected way this story of Peary's life struggle is timely by con-

¹Peary, the Man Who Refused to Fail. By Fitzhugh Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$6.

trast. It is a fine record of an eventful and courageous life.

Fiction

THE DANCING GIRL OF SHAMAKHA. By the Count de Gobineau. Translated by Helen Morgenthau Fox. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The works of Arthur, Comte de Gobineau, were a minor weakness of the engaging villain of one of last season's best detective stories, "The Voice from the Dark." If this recommendation is not enough, it may be added that the versatile Count, besides being an authority on scientific farming, was a traveler and a diplomat, and for some time a rival of the elder Dumas at the business of writing stories of adventure.

In the past few months the artistic conscience of editors, or the lapsing of copyrights, have caused several of his stories to appear here and in England. They are worth noticing. His beautiful dancers, magicians, princes, thieving soldiers, and beggars are delightful; for the rest, the stories are realistic in detail, for the Count had a clear eye and a long memory, humorous, and exciting. Further, a person who signs him or herself Mak preserves the memory of Aubrey Beardsley with five very decorative black-and-white drawings, and the translator does not let us remember her dictionary work for a moment. It is easy to read.

THE PIPER'S FEE. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.

Whatever discrepancies and samenesses this story may possess, Dorothea Selover holds attention from first to last—through the scenes of her strangely individual and elflike childhood to those where for Evelyn Ruyland's good she sacrifices herself. The Ruyland clan weigh heavily upon Dorrie's destiny—first by accident, and then by design. The Phoenix dance hall is a natural enough incident in her life, but Fritz Gillis, the byplay of the story, is too cheap—the discard of the pack. There are love stories, many and many of them, that have this same theme, and all no doubt end with the same radiant happiness. But the later chapters lack reality and cannot hold a candle to those on Grandpa and the Statement made out by him that was Dorrie's early code. The meat of the author's tale lies in the question of the individual child's education being an education for truth, honor, and clear-sightedness. "Grandpa," the educator, though a shadow, is the humorous and philosophical element, the real creation of the book, and a very different part of speech from the Ruyland men, who are only sticks.

PRECIOUS BANE. By Mary Webb. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

The scene of Mary Webb's novel is a Shropshire farm a hundred years ago, and the tale is put into the mouth of Prue, the daughter of the house. She is a gentle and lovely girl, her beauty marred by a "hare-shotten" lip—a blemish which enables her hard and avaricious brother, when he comes into his inheritance, to swear her to service and obedience during the long grinding toil his ambitions require, that she may at the end have money for a cure. Strange, primitive customs and beliefs, sometimes merely quaint, sometimes terrible, are essentially a part of the story; there is tragedy, there is romance, there is happiness hard won, and always there is the farm and the lovely English countryside. The style, with its little touch of dialect, its frequent odd rustic words and old-fashioned phrases, and its occasional passages of unforced poetic grace, is appealing and agreeable. Equally remote from the usual courtly novel of a past historic period and the over-cloddish up-to-date back-to-the-soil variety, this story of

the old-time Sarns of Sarn is interesting and out of the common run.

Biography

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. Being a Record of His Literary Life, of His Achievements as a Correspondent in Six Wars, and His Efforts in Behalf of the Allies in the Great War. By Henry Cole Quinby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$7.

Richard Harding Davis seems a quaint figure to many writers of reviews to-day. He was athletic; he lived outdoors; he was wholeheartedly in favor of what he thought the right side in a number of wars; he wrote simple, rather naïve stories of adventure and love, which often ended in conventional marriage. They had the further reproach of being "clean" stories. Finally, and quite without respect to one of the popular literary poses of to-day, he was Pro-America, Pro-France, and Pro-England in the late war, instead of being Pro-Teuton, or Pro-Almost Anything Queer and Unpopular.

Whether or not it will be greatly demanded by book collectors, Mr. Quinby has made one of those bibliographies which is almost of the nature of creative work. It is not merely a compilation. It records, with many interesting illustrations, Davis's college writings, his separately printed works (in two lists, alphabetical and chronological), his uniform editions, his plays, translations, moving pictures—all, in fact, of his adventurous literary career. It gives references to criticisms of his works and a list of the characters in his fiction. Mr. Quinby has made one of those rare and fascinating books: a work of reference which contains a great deal of good reading.

MEMOIRS OF HALIDÉ EDIB. The Century Company, New York. \$4.

This autobiography is an absorbing story of a woman's life, from childhood to a rich maturity. Her intellectual attainments, far above the average in any case, are particularly noteworthy, since the harem cannot be generally conducive to free thinking. Halidé Edib emerged from an unhappy childhood to become one of the foremost educators and emancipators of Turkish womanhood. Born of a famous and politically powerful family, she was brought up like an English child, and attended the American College for girls at Constantinople. The impressions of her childhood are wistful, and tinged with a sadness that is an indictment of polygamy.

Marriage and motherhood occupy but do not satisfy this remarkable woman. Passionately interested in political and educational reforms, and herself an able organizer, Halidé Edib has had more than one finger in the pie of Turkish politics. Her experiences during the tyrannical reign of Abdul Hamid and the story of her flight into Egypt during the revolutions of 1908-09, are excellent accounts of those bloody periods in Turkish history. Halidé Edib has done and is doing more for the women of Turkey than any one person of her day, or possibly of any day, and her book is full of interesting side-lights on the customs of her country.

History

WHITHER RUSSIA? TOWARD CAPITALISM OR SOCIALISM. By Léon Trotsky. International Publishers, New York. \$1.50.

One needs but one guess to hit upon Mr. Trotsky's answer to the question he propounds. Both the *bourgeoisie* and the Social Democrats, he says, are lying about Russia; they lie when they say that the Bolsheviks have ruined the country, and they lie again when they say that the development of its productive forces is proceeding in the direction of capitalism. As to the first matter, the country was already

ruined when the Bolsheviks came to power; and as to the second, though certain concessions to capitalism have been found necessary, the movement is predominantly toward Socialism. The latest official figures of production and trade are given in some detail in support of his thesis. Nothing, according to the author, but a great renaissance of the productive forces of capitalism in Europe can retard the success of the Russian experiment. Such a renaissance, he admits, would be disastrous. But he dismisses the possibility as a bad dream. Capitalism is being undermined by its own inherent processes, whereas Russia needs only to utilize, with an accelerated speed, all the resources of its own economic system with those of the outside world. This she is doing, he says, and the outlook is hopeful. Other persons, of course, can use Mr. Trotsky's figures to make a vastly different showing.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 1861-1865. By Brougham Villiers and W. H. Chesson. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London.

This book deals with the incidents of friction between Great Britain and the United States arising out of the American Civil War, with the several currents of British feeling regarding that conflict and its participants, and, *vice versa*, with the feeling in the North and that in the South toward Great Britain in that connection; and it discusses the causes and effects of these matters.

The main object of the chief author, Mr. Villiers (Mr. Chesson contributes only the concluding chapter, which is wretched stuff), is to exhibit in clear light the pro-North feeling of the British masses during our Civil War. Mr. Villiers does this well enough, though not brilliantly. There is nothing in human annals more deserving of a brilliant eulogy than the magnanimous and unselfish attitude of the British masses toward the American civil conflict.

WHITE SERVITUDE IN PENNSYLVANIA. By C. A. Herrick. John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

This is a valuable monograph by a professor in Girard College, shedding much light on the way Pennsylvania was populated by a system of indenture coupled with transportation, with social results that confuse the analyst.

Essays and Criticism

BETTER WRITING. By Henry Seidel Canby. Ph.D. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.35.

In this little book Dr. Canby, editor of the "Saturday Review of Literature" and Professor of English at Yale, deals with "the relation between ideas and the expression thereof." It is not intended solely for writers, professional and amateur. Indeed, the man whose interests are divorced from literature but who is called upon to deliver a speech or whose business requires proficiency in letter writing will find it a useful investment. The author has not attempted a discussion on technique, but rather to elucidate the general principles of the art of writing. Perhaps the most interesting of the eleven chapters is entitled "Disabilities and Diseases," in which are defined various maladies and their remedies as prescribed by Dr. Canby. Beauty rash, faulty brakes, rickets, dry as dust, are some of his characteristic terms for these illnesses.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO GIVE? By Angelo Patri. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. \$2.

Besides being a teacher, Angelo Patri is a poet with a rich fund of humor and a delightful fancy that perches on your shoulder when you least expect it. In this collection of short sketches on life and its ways, essentially simple and homely, but utterly individual, the reader will find

many high lights, many reflections, deep quiet places, banners and heights. The great game of life, too serious to be played seriously, has been made an art, for Mr. Patri knows how to play it in the most quizzical way imaginable. There should be more of him. Read the "Tryst." As a small, lively boy would throw a ball, he tosses his challenge: "I want to meet you when you are riding atop all your troubles, unheeding, uncaring, your back and your arms and your legs and your brain swinging free and your hand running true to the task. I want to see you turning out the best job of your life. . . . I want to meet you in your great moment when you are greatly daring and soaring high, . . . blithely leading a losing cause. . . . I would meet you there."

Travel

THROUGH THE MOON DOOR. By Dorothy Graham. J. H. Sears & Co., Inc., New York. \$5.

Dorothy Graham has looked through the moon door of her little house in Peking, and with the eye of a colorist has painted China in terms that glow again and again. The book is a rambling description of pleasant months spent in and around the Celestial City. If the many pulchritudinous palaces and sunsets grow a trifle monotonous, the story of her adventures in house-hunting, where one must pay the landlord four months' rent in advance, are amusing; her comments on servants, shopping, and the various strange customs of the country are shrewd and humorous.

Before the moon door pass a fantastic procession of beggars, flower-venders, Lama priests chanting for the dead, itinerant barbers, and a traveling mouse circus with performers wise beyond their Western cousins. There is much of interest about the festivals and religions of these people "who live as if they have an eternity at their disposal." In the shadow of splendid temples and "palaces of mellowed beauty, with gardens haunted by music of lacquered lutes," lurk filth, a leering greed, and a display of cupidity that spells decay. Out of it may rise a phoenix. The book is generously and beautifully illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

THINGS SEEN IN PARIS. By Clive Holland. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a compact pocket volume that will greatly aid the tourist in seeing things in and about the French capital. It is well written and illustrated. Much general information is included.

DIGGING FOR LOST AFRICAN GODS. By Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.

The Putnams, with their constant interest in science and exploration, are presenting a narrative of Count de Prorok unearthing the great gods of Carthage as a companion piece to William Beebe's deep-sea fishing exploits. Any comparison between the gods and the little fishes will probably leave Mr. Beebe the winner, but this book is not to be disregarded on that account. It is worth reading, and it tells in a sprawling conversational manner just what the Count and his French and American associates have been doing for the past three years to keep Cato and M. Tullius Cicero rapidly revolving in their coffins.

Count de Prorok has the advantage of being the best-looking explorer since the late Ernest Shackleton. His expedition has encountered one difficulty rarely met with by explorers, and that is a real estate boom. Carthage is, as Æneas discovered, a pleasant place to stay in, and unromantic realtors have run a tram line out from Tunis, and they are buying up possible sites for Dido's palace in all directions, marking out Æneas Avenue and Scipio Street and wait patiently for the

African commuters to begin nesting. This makes excavating, not only difficult, but expensive. The book is profusely illustrated with views of the expedition and its members in Punic regions, and their further explorations in the Sahara. Mention should be made of Professor Washington, of the University of Michigan, whose snowy whiskers give just the proper scholarly touch to the irreproachable ties and gleaming helmet of Count de Prorok.

Religion

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES: Why They Fail in Their Mission to the World. By Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield. The Abingdon Press, New York. 50c.

This is a compression of Bishop Thirkield's address made at the recent Methodist Conference in Buffalo. He feels that England and the United States are both too material, and are not doing what they should to Christianize, preferring to capitalize and imperialize.

MY RELIGION. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This small volume of confessions of religious faith, or lack of it, by contemporary British novelists—and a playwright!—together with the comments and arguments of the Bishop of London and other clergymen, is perhaps unduly dominated by the first speaker, Arnold Bennett. The other confessants are Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, J. D. Beresford, Israel Zangwill, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Compton Mackenzie, H. De Vere Stacpoole, and Henry Arthur Jones. Compton Mackenzie is a Roman Catholic, Israel Zangwill a Jew, and everybody knows Conan Doyle's Spiritualism. The other writers, in working themselves out of a conventional Protestant position as they have done, speak with sincerity, if not wholly by a clear chart. They retain ideals and longings, further, of duty, for God and immortality which entitle them to a more complete theology than that to which they have yet been able to think themselves through. Even Arnold Bennett, enjoying himself thoroughly as the *enfant terrible* of the occasion, has ideals not unakin to Christianity's. Yet about him particularly the thought strikes us that had he not possessed a better "carry through" for a novel than he professes for his faith he would hardly have been invited to confess!

Music

THE PIANIST'S THUMB. By Howard Wells. The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. \$1.25.

From this little book the student will learn much of the importance of the thumb to the piano player. The author calls it "the pivot of the pianist's technical difficulties." It possesses, in general terms, fifty per cent of the value of the human hand.

Gardening

ROSES IN THE LITTLE GARDEN. By G. A. Stevens. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.75.

This is another volume in an instructive series edited by Mrs. Francis King. It is a crisp compendium of knowledge concerning the most familiar and beautiful of all flowers, well illustrated, and full of intelligent guidance.

Science

THE TIDE. By H. A. Marmer. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The author is Assistant Chief, Division of Tides and Currents, United States Coast Survey, and may be presumed to write with knowledge concerning the most mysterious of natural phenomena. The tides are regular in habit, but uncertain in accomplishments. No natural law seems to

govern fluctuations in height; one thing is sure—the ocean is never at rest; and this restlessness and its effects Mr. Marmer pictures in many parts of the globe. He makes much of "tidal friction" and lays the blame on the moon, which is held responsible for so much besides. The book is copiously illustrated with intelligent diagrams.

Whaling

THE WHALERS OF AKUTAN. By Knut B. Birkland. The Yale University Press, New Haven. \$3.

Akutan is an island in the Aleuts. The story is one of an effort to transfer the Norwegian method of whale fishing to the region of Bering Strait. It is a tale of disappointment and hard work, amid much danger, written with a dim pathos and patient sense of struggle. Also, it tells something about whales, little and big.

Real Estate

FLORIDA. By Kenneth L. Roberts. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

Kenneth L. Roberts is well known to readers of the "Saturday Evening Post." He is the author of many of those informative articles garnished with press photos and flavored with captions that serve to keep Mary Roberts Rinehart out of Campbell's Soup. On this occasion he has done the proper thing by the Florida Real Estate Boom, and that is the main trouble with the book. A year ago, six months ago, the world was going to Florida to eat hot dogs, buy lots, and look at the millionaires, and any amount of rot was eagerly swallowed by a hypnotized public. But now the first casualties are returning. "Just back from Florida," the Ford tourists and bus addicts are crying, "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*"

Roberts wastes no time on inessentials. For him Florida began in 1923, and her saints and heroes are realtors and developers. In his book are many pictures of desolate sandy roads bordered by sugar pines and bearing one mule, juxtaposed to pictures of the same spot, or nearly, now boasting cement paving, a stucco-and-tile business block, 83 Fords, and an ice-cream butcher; thus showing improvement. The rest is much the same potpourri of opportunity and oranges and \$ and Spanish art and \$ and subdivision, climate, population, \$, celery, pineapples, Princess Cantacuzene-Speransky, and fruit that the realtors send you each week. Not quite; Mr. Roberts's literary style is a blend of wise-cracking and smoking-car 100 per cent Americanism in which few realtors indulge.

Sociology

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM. By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$3.50.

For once a jacket blurb is too modest. The brief explanatory paragraph on the front cover of this book gives hardly an indication of the solid worth of the contents. Mr. Tawney, who is best known in America as the author of "The Acquisitive Society," has again shown his rare scholarship and his analytical acumen in a study of social phenomena. This time his concern is with the relation of religious opinion to the socio-economic order. England, that classic economic ground, is the field, and the period treated is that—roughly from 1536 to 1700—which marked the transition from mediæval to modern theories regarding the social organization and the right to property. The older conception of society, sponsored by the Church and elaborated by the schoolmen, was that of a family; individual property was justified on grounds of experience and expediency, but its use was held to be limited

at every turn by the rights of the community and the obligations of charity. The Reformation itself wrought no immediate change in this general concept; the prelates of the new faith followed the old in warning their flocks against the sordidness of wealth-getting, in denouncing inclosures, extortion and usury, and in counseling fair dealing in all transactions. But the old economic order was dissolving, and the growth of manufactures and the expansion of trade were soon reflected in the altered opinion of the expounders of religion. Puritanism arose, an expression of religious individualism. The early Puritans were mostly middle-class men; they were tradesmen, guildsmen, manufacturers, in the towns and cities; yeoman in the country. Their interests led them toward breaking the shackles of the old economic order; their religious individualism led them in-

sensibly to an individualist morality, and this to a disparagement of the significance of the social fabric as compared with personal character. Puritanism idealized the very energies which were to prove so successful in business; and it was but natural that Puritan theology should come to draw a sharp line between economic and ethical interests. Religion was one field, the workaday world another. "In emphasizing that God's Kingdom is not of this world," says the author, "Puritanism did not always escape the suggestion that this world is no part of God's Kingdom." The individual might set his own ethical standards in the competitive strife, so long as he kept a pure spirit and labored for the greater glory of God. Though Puritanism made for political democracy, it made strongly against concern for social welfare; and it served to bring about that abstention of

the Church from the social field which now, after two hundred and fifty years, seems in a fair way of being remedied. Such, briefly and most inadequately put, is the thesis. The reader who wants to know more will find in the book a learned and profound interpretation of a most significant period.

Miscellaneous

A FAGGOT OF TORCHES: Texts That Made History. By F. W. Boreham. The Abingdon Press, New York. \$1.75.

Mr. Boreham, who writes from Australia, has built around the strong words of Pascal, John Woolman, Thomas Carlyle, William E. Gladstone, John Hampden, Richard Baxter, George Fox, Samuel Johnson, and men of like caliber a brisk volume in which precept and example keep each other entertaining and elevated company.

By the Way

MR. HOWARD F. BARKER in his book "American Speech" estimates the numbers bearing the ten chief family names of this country's population of 112,000,000. Here are the first ten.

1. Smith	1,304,300
2. Johnson	1,024,200
3. Brown	730,500
4. Williams	684,700
5. Jones	658,300
6. Miller	625,800
7. Davis	537,900
8. Anderson	477,300
9. Wilson	422,300
10. Moore	363,400

These figures were worked out from the enrollment records in the Army and Navy during the war, under the assumption that the distribution of names would be the same throughout the United States.

In New York City the family name of Cohen is second to Smith, with the German name Schwartz ranking fifth. In Cincinnati Meyer gets third place, and in Boston the first five are Smith, Sullivan, Brown, Johnson, and Murphy.

Uncle Silas Peck, of Cos Cob, offers to bet fifty cents that them Adirondack 'skeeters will have a hard time gettin' a square meal off'n Cal Coolidge.

Ray: "Why do they have most all radio broadcasting stations on top of tall buildings?"

Bray: "So nobody can throw bricks at the performers!"

Recent statistics show that three and a half million people in this country are employed in the automobile industry. And this total does not include traffic policemen and undertakers.

Chancellor Herbert R. Harper, of the University of Denver, is responsible for this: During the World War a doughboy whose gun had been shattered by an exploding shell became panic-stricken and started running towards the rear. After he had gone some ten miles at a record pace an officer commanded him to halt.

"Here, don't you know that there's a big battle going on up at the front?" said the officer. "What do you mean by running away like this when you should be up there doing your bit?"

"Y-y-yes, I-I-I know there's a big battle on up there," stuttered the breathless and trembling doughboy.

"Then what are you doing away back here?" demanded the officer.

"I-I-I'm just spreading the news, sir," said the infantryman.

"Spreading the news!" scoffed the officer.

"Well, I think you are a coward, and I'm going to have you court-martialed and shot at sunrise to-morrow.

"By the way," he added, "do you know who I am?"

"N-n-no," said the doughboy; "I don't know what you are, sir."

"Well, I'm your general," said the officer.

"Great guns! Am I that far back?" exclaimed the doughboy, and fainted from exhaustion.

From "Everybody's Magazine:"

It was a sleepy village and its fire brigade was anything but up to date. One night a fire was announced by the violent ringing of the alarm bell, and the brigade arrived at the scene of action to find the burning building a mass of smoke. No flames were visible from the outside. The captain made a careful survey. "We better leave it alone and let it burn up a bit," he said, "then we'll be able to see what we are doing."

Eula C. Hill, of Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "Something is always taking the joy out of motoring. When your brakes are in good shape, they often cause you to get your rear fenders bent up."

Daughter—"I hate George, and I'm sending back his ring to him. What should I put on the box?"

Mother—"Glass, handle with care."

An inquiry of a score of New York City book-shops reveals the fact that the popularity of mystery yarns has been succeeded by the summer urge for love stories.

"Seven fellows were standing under one umbrella, and not one of them got wet. How come?" was the question put to a group of us.

We all had silly answers, and the questioner's answer was just as absurd, but it got a laugh from us, and may from you.

"Stop," he told us; "you are spoiling a good joke. The answer is that it wasn't raining."

Among the prisoners arraigned before the court was an Irishman.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge in a stern voice.

"Faith, an' that's your honor's business."

A circular sent out from a poultry market at Yonkers, New York, reads as follows:

Ask your doctor from which will you receive most nutrition—from poultry that has been killed from three to six months and packed on ice for the same length of time or from the farmer that is killed after you order it.

Recent statistics show that American women spend five million dollars a day for cosmetics. Think of the waste when so much of it comes off on men's coats!

From the Boston "Evening Transcript:"

Maud: "Did you hear what your friend Edith said about you?"

Marie: "No. I was in the other group talking about her."

She: "A penny for your thoughts."

Late Caller: "I was thinking of going."

Father, at the head of the stairs: "Give him a dollar, Gertrude; it's worth it."

There was a slight difference of opinion. He acknowledged his mistake quite generously by saying: "You are right, and I am wrong, as you generally are."

"So nice of you to put it like that," she said, sweetly. But then she began to think about it.

From the Washington "Dirge:"

Dumb: "Do you know that seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty-two elephants were used to make billiard balls last year?"

Dumber: "My, oh, my! Isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work?"

Mother (after answering countless questions): "Curiosity killed a cat once, Winnie."

Winnie: "But what did the cat want to know, mummy?"

"In introducing you to my friend, the lecturer, I want to say that he is not as stupid as he looks," remarked the would-be humorous chairman.

"That," said the lecturer without a smile, "is just the difference between the chairman and myself."

A fashionably dressed lady was remonstrating with her little boy as they left the department store: "You should never point, my son. It is very rude."

"But what are you going to do, mother, when you don't know the name of the thing?"

"Why just let the clerk show you everything in the case until he comes to the right one."

From the Dublin "Freeman's Journal:"

Wife: "Did you notice the chinchilla coat of the woman sitting in front of us at church this morning?"

Husband: "Er-no. Afraid I was dozing most of the time."

Wife: "Um! A lot of good the service did you!"

Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar

per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Budget Idea

IN spite of all that has been said and written about budgets and budget-keeping, the fact remains that the average Mr. and Mrs. Man do not keep a budget. They have, at one time or another, toyed with the budget idea, perhaps actually bought a budget book and begun one, but it has been too much work, and has been scrapped. In this respect the aver-

age corporation and State or municipal government is ahead of the average individual. It is a pity, but it is a fact.

I think that the reason for this failure comes from the fact that the budget idea has not yet been sufficiently simplified to appeal to Mr. and Mrs. Man. The word budget evokes a picture of ruled columns and dreary hours spent in filling them

Well-Bought Bonds

STRAUS Bonds are twice well-bought. In the first place, they are originally bought by us only after the most rigid and careful investigation, by a loan department which is the largest, most expert and most experienced in its field.

In the second place, they are well-bought by the investors who hold them because they are paid in full, both principal and interest, when due, they enjoy a free and steadily broadening market, and they are always a source of satisfaction to their holders.

Investigate these sound first mortgage bonds, which yield at present 5.75 to 6.25%. Our current offerings include a wide diversification of securities in \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 amounts. Call or write for

BOOKLET H-1605

The Straus Hallmark on a bond stamps it at once as the premier real estate security.

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882

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INCORPORATED

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STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street
SAN FRANCISCO

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

44 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

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with figures. It calls up also a picture of parsimony and penny saving which, however theoretically sound, is repugnant to a great many of us.

Those fortunate or particularly intelligent few who have been using a budget for any period of years know that the budget has more than paid for itself, because it has been a guide for spending, and hence a guide for living. It substitutes a semblance of order for what is only too often a hand-to-mouth scramble to achieve the impossible ideal of maintaining a decent bank balance and at the same time keeping out of debt.

To secure the advantages which come from budgeting one does not have to be an accountant, nor does one have to keep perfect books, balanced to the last red cent. Of course, it is pleasant to have letter-perfect books. But rather than have no books at all, it is better for one's peace of mind to keep the best books one can in accordance with some simple and sensible system.

The best budget scheme which has come to our attention is on this basis:

Estimate the income for the ensuing year. Estimate expenses, grouping them under as few main heads as possible. Pare and carve these estimates to fit your income, and be sure to have a "sundries" or a "reserve" account to meet unforeseen expenses. Take time to prepare these estimates—they are the basis of your future domestic economy.

Buy a double-entry ledger—don't let "double entry" scare you. Set up a ledger account for each group of expenditures. On the first of each month credit each account with one-twelfth of its annual appropriation, and at the end of each month debit the account with what you have expended. Put all your money in the bank and note on your check stub the account for which it was spent.

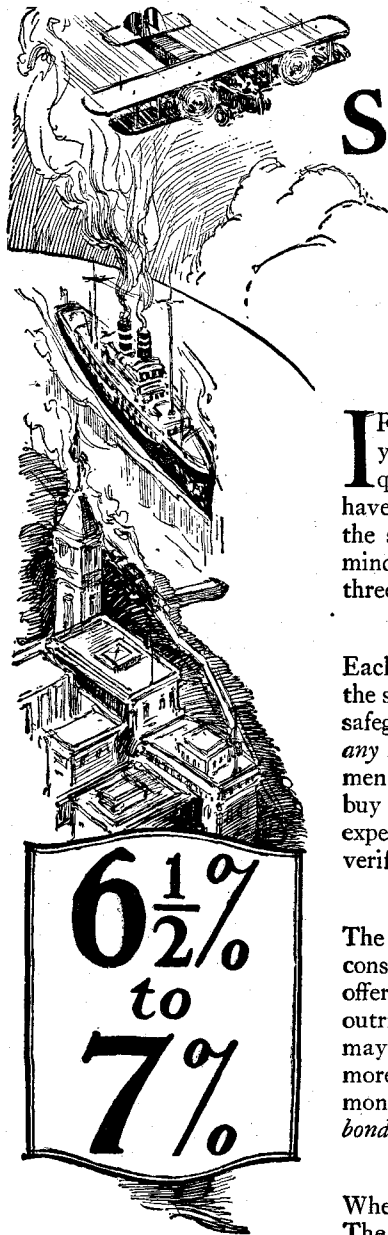
This, very briefly, is all there is to it—barring details. The time required for operation should not exceed an hour or two a month.

Lest I have not made myself plain, let me illustrate.

Suppose that you have set up an account for "clothes" in which you include those for yourself and wife as well as the children. Suppose that you figure that you need \$1,200 a year for this purpose. This means \$100 a month. Very well. On the first of each month present the clothes account with \$100 by the simple act of writing that figure on the right-hand half of the ledger page devoted to clothes. During the month let us suppose that you pay a department store bill for \$25 and reimburse yourself or your wife for cash expenditures made to the extent of \$17.50. Your total clothes

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS

Investors the World Over select SMITH BONDS



What are the reasons for the strong confidence in which Smith Bonds are held by investors all over the world? Why is it that thousands of men and women, in every state of the United States and in 33 countries and territories abroad, send their money to The F. H. Smith Company for investment?

If you have \$100 to \$100,000 or more to invest, or if you save \$50 or more a month, the answers to these questions are important to you. For the reasons that have impelled these investors to select Smith Bonds are the same considerations that are uppermost in your mind when you have funds to invest. Here, then, are the three main reasons:

Smith Bonds Are Safe Bonds

Each issue of our First Mortgage Bonds is created by the same standards of safety and protected by the same safeguards that have resulted in our record of *no loss to any investor in 53 years*. Investors at distant points, or men and women who lack investment experience, may buy Smith Bonds with the same assurance of safety as experienced investors who have the opportunity to verify their ample real estate security at first hand.

Smith Bonds Are Profitable

The interest rate on Smith Bonds always is the highest consistent with our standards of safety. Our current offerings pay $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 7% . You may buy these bonds outright, in \$1,000, \$500 or \$100 denominations, or you may use our Investment Savings Plan to buy one or more \$500 or \$1,000 bonds by payments over ten months. *Regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest.*

Smith Service Is Complete

Wherever the mails carry, the investment service of The F. H. Smith Company is available. No matter where you live, the purchase of Smith Bonds is made simple for you by an organization equipped to serve you as efficiently by mail as though you called in person at one of our offices.

Send for These Booklets

Send your name and address on the form below for our booklets, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income," explaining the safeguards that protect every investor in Smith Bonds, and giving further details of our Investment Savings Plan.

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

Smith Bldg., Washington, D.C.

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[and study Case No. 6]

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without sacrificing safety and
without investing more money.*

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Facts For Investors

The Outlook's Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of \$1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small or large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

*The Outlook's Financial
Service Department*

THE OUTLOOK

120 East 16th Street, New York

expenditure for the thirty days is \$42.50. This amount you enter on the left side of the page, showing that "clothes" have been depleted by that sum. If you want to, you can strike a balance each month and show how much ahead you are—in this case \$57.50. Theoretically you cannot pay any bill unless there is a credit balance in your account.

In the actual operation of this system there are, quite naturally, various and sundry devices to be used. One housewife who pays her maid and numerous household charges in cash draws a check each week for an amount sufficient to meet the entire week's charges, places the money in envelopes marked with the names of the accounts for which it is received, and disburses from these. The check-book stub shows that of, say, \$50.25 drawn, \$15 is to be charged to "service" for the maid, \$25 to "food," \$2 to "sundries," and so on. This detail is gathered up from the check-book at the end of the month and the proper entries are made in the ledger.

The great beauty of this system, in addition to its extreme simplicity, is that the bank balance is no longer anxiously consulted to see if such and such a bill can be paid or if "we can afford" such and such an expenditure. The bank balance does not matter; it is the budget

balance that counts, because the budget balance means the amount available at any given time for each and every purpose. Of course, the bank balance is the total of all the budget balances.

Further, the budget balance in such an account as "shelter" will include parts of future expenditures. To illustrate, if you pay \$240 a year in taxes, you appropriate \$20 a month for that object—it may be a separate account, or it may be a part of your "shelter" account. In any event, till the taxes are paid it is quite evident that a portion of the "shelter" account is in reality a kind of Christmas Savings Fund designed to meet the taxes on the date due. And so with other accounts.

The reader may at this point rise to inquire: "Very nice and pretty. But what has this to do with investments, and why is a financial department going into the budget business?"

The answer is quite simple. The sooner Mr. and Mrs. Man go on a budget basis, the sooner will they begin to make steady investments and accumulate something more solid than unpaid bills against old age, sickness, and the more or less inevitable jolt that comes once in a lifetime, if not more frequently, to every one of us.

W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

THE volume of inquiries to this department is now so heavy that it is difficult to make selections from them. Our readers seem to be interested in every form and variety of security, from the staid and conservative first-mortgage bond to the sheer speculative stock. We are glad to have this department so apparently useful to people all over the country, and one of the most pleasant things about running this department is the confidence which many place in it. Humanly liable to err as we are, we trust that this confidence will never be violated or that those who have it will never be disappointed.

CONCERNING three stocks we wrote: "Northern Pacific stock is generally regarded as one of the best rails. Owing to the general railroad situation, it does not have a strict investment rating, but it is very nearly of investment caliber.

"Cerro de Pasco is somewhat more speculative and Chile Copper is just below Cerro. Neither can be called out-and-out speculations.

"Imperial Oil, Ltd., is a high-grade investment stock. We cannot advise you about selling it without knowing at what

figure you bought it, whether you wish to reinvest your gain, or just what your purpose is. An investment stock of this kind is usually worth holding."

REPORTS of a decline in the real estate business have disturbed some of our readers who own first-mortgage real estate bonds. The exact term used by one reader is "deflation," and she asks our view of the situation. We did not go into a detailed discussion of the real estate situation, for the very good reason that it is not a situation that can be described in a few words—if adequately at all. This is a large country, and real estate conditions differ in different parts of it. What we did say may, however, be worth repeating:

"It does not seem to us at all likely that real estate will suffer any such decline as has come to the stock market. Should a decline come, it would come very gradually and would have extremely little effect on well-secured first-mortgage bonds. Your Blank and Company bonds are diversified and of different maturities. Each year their security appreciates, due to the regular amortization of principal."

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